VOL. CCXX, No. 2874
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MARCH 12, 1955

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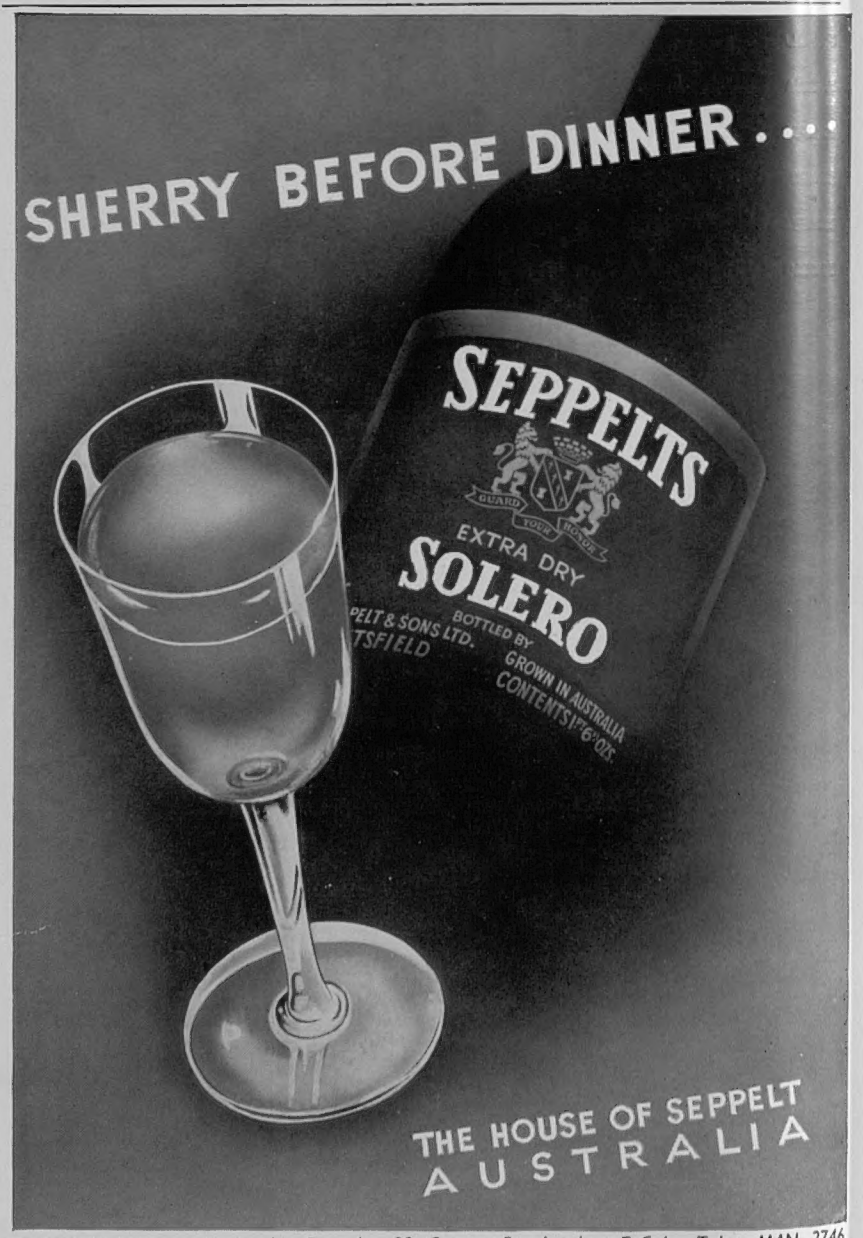

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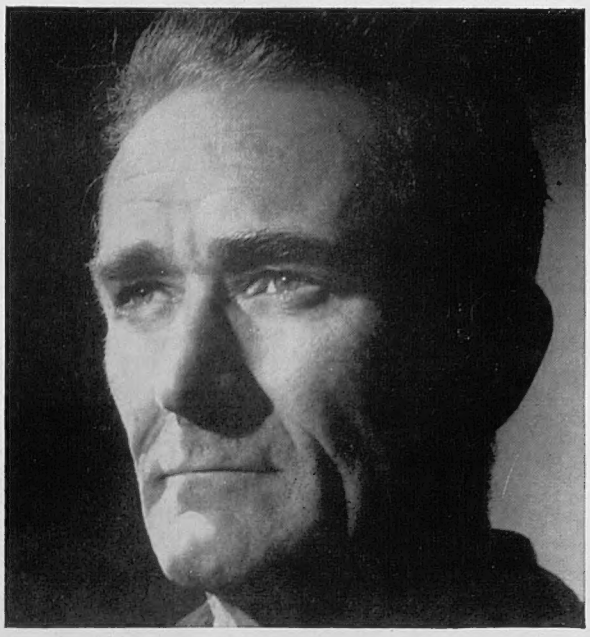

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Volume CCXX No. 2874 The SPHERE, London, March 12, 1955

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE BATTLE AGAINST THE FLOODS IN AUSTRALIA—THE FLOODWATERS FROM THE RIVER NAMOI STRETCH TO THE HORIZON BETWEEN BOGGABRI AND NARRARBI, ONE OF THE WORST-AFFECTED AREAS IN NEW SOUTH WALES: When the inundations recede, the fight must be carried on against the dangers of epidemic, enormous quantities of debris must be cleared and relief given to thousands. Troops, police and volunteers are working with the authorities to cope with the aftermath.

As the floodwaters receded, the authorities had to deal with the consequent great problems in the 30,000 square miles of New South Wales which had been devastated. Heavy equipment was moved to the stricken towns to shift the piles and drifts of wreckage and filth before which shovels and brooms were useless. Dysentery was reported from some places. Volunteer nurses were flown in where needed to assist hospital staffs. However, it was stated that the health authorities were confident of dealing with disease, providing the clean-up operations could be kept at top pressure and adequate supplies of medicine and disinfectant were available. An important measure was the spraying of houses with disinfectants, the disposal of reeking slime and the burning of thousands of animal carcases. In country districts the R.A.A.F. carried out a large-scale airlift of fodder to save thousands of head of stock marooned on small islands above the water-level. Further flood dangers to New South Wales had not entirely disappeared when Queensland, to the north, was struck by an unusually fierce cyclone. (Further N.S.W. pictures on pages 404-05.)

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DEBUTANTES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THE FIRST PRESENTATION PARTY OF THE SEASON : The Duchess of Argyll arrives at the Palace with her daughter, Miss Frances Sweeney, whom she presented. The Duchess, as Miss Margaret Whigham, was a leading debutante of her own year. Last week, at the first presentation party of the 1955 season, some 500 debutantes made their curtseys to the Queen. This was the largest number of debutantes to pass before the Royal dais since afternoon presentation parties were substituted for evening courts after the war. Nearly 900 parents and relatives were in the white-and-gold State Ballroom, where the presentations took place. The Queen wore a dress of pink shantung with a small matching hat. With her were the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal.

AMERICAN DEBUTANTES : Four of the party of twelve Americans who were presented are seen before starting for the Palace. From left—Miss Mary E. Allen, Miss Natalie Fell, Miss Dorothy Bayard Parish and Miss Hope Canfield.

DEBUTANTE COUSINS : Miss Serena Legge (right) wore a green satin dress, while her cousin, Miss Amanda Legge, wore a green taffeta dress. Both girls are aged seventeen.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Liberty or Extinction—A World Problem.—Because the H-bomb is to-day first front-page news, I read again in pamphlet form Lord Russell's broadcast on the H-bomb. It is worth re-reading. For Lord Russell is a clear and courageous thinker, no stranger to science and scientists. He assures us that among the many experts he has consulted, those who know most about this business are the most sure of its mortal and world-wide danger. I prefer his view and theirs to the latest assurance that the H-bomb is " perfectly safe " to manufacture and store. I don't suppose that even this optimistic view includes " perfect safety " when it is dropped (or dropped on) from the air. And now we have announced our decision to make it and store it, and in the " last resort," when our freedom is finally at stake, to use it. The " abolition of war " (as we knew without being told by MacArthur) is the world's sole escape from a return to depopulated barbarism (at best). Just now, a disarmament commission has been exploring a few more avenues. The powers also are exchanging plans and proposals. The nations have been replanning their armies for nuclear war, with an alternative training for *conventional* war—a perfectly impossible task implying mediocrity in either case ; and, for the West, a total uncertainty up to (and beyond) zero hour, as to appropriate strategy. The abolition of war is impossible as long as the protagonists believe either that the H-bomb may save the loser, or the conventional form of warfare may bring victory to the winning side. The decision in the last resort to use the bomb depends on unanimity among Western governments timeously decided. It is a civilians' choice and the risks of decision are by no means equally realised by the governments. No government directly involved in the East-West conflict can possibly intervene with success to bring about the liquidation of the bomb and of nuclear weapons. No satisfactory method of international inspection is possible of agreement among the protagonists to-day. There is no possibility at all of release from the nightmare but by forcing on totalitarian governments and on all *free* peoples the absolute certainty of total world destruction ; and no one leader or government can hope to do that save a neutral, who would be outside a Third World War (though equally assured of national destruction if it took place). That is Russell's suggestion and it is a sound one.

The Duel Analogy.—His analogy with the duel is exact. Each side may (I believe *does*) long for an accommodation which would end his terror of being killed, but neither side dare express it convincingly. It is in part a matter of " face," in part a less than *absolute* certainty that nuclear war *must* be as lethal for victor as for vanquished, and in part the undoubted advantage in numbers which conventional war gives to the East. But look at our own dilemma, and may God look down in mercy on the anxious minds of a dozen national leaders and on hundreds of millions of inarticulate peoples whose fate rests on their decisions. We cannot, dare not, announce that we are scrapping the bomb, will in no circumstances use it or house it. For, make it, use it or house it, or alternatively reject it, we become the victim of the aggressor, or, isolated and friendless, we become a vulnerable and lonely neutral ; N.A.T.O. fails, the West has no defence even against conventional war. It is the duel analogy. We should enter on it without a second and with a buttoned foil. So at countless cost we manufacture, store and give a home to the H-bomb (making this country an easy and obvious Aunt Sally to an aggressor), and we pursue this course solely to persuade Russia that we are certainly prepared and determined to commit national suicide if they use the bomb, and probably if they look like " winning " with conventional weapons ; and that decision prevents our seriously preparing or co-operating in a conventional-war defence for Europe and the West. The dilemma is insoluble to-day and must be so until East and West, leaders and led, hold precisely the same belief in the certainty of global suicide ; and that object only an " outsider " in the Cold War can hope to achieve, slowly and patiently. It is high time to begin ; for the innocent sheep are beginning to bleat : what precisely is the value of a last-minute effort to save national freedom if it result in having no habitable place in which to enjoy that boon ? The latest report on Communist brutality to our prisoners of war in Korea may check the bleating. The anxiety remains, though the Premier has given us three years' grace.

The Inarticulate Begin to Whisper.—For my part, despite the Iron Curtain, I don't despair of the voice of several hundred millions of inarticulates in the few years of grace ahead, if such there be. Until the other day, Americans were printing and reading horror comics with all the complacency to be expected of a nation-wide printing and reading of the bible. They spent £35,000,000 on them, far more than they spent on text-books for every school in their land. Suddenly, someone suggests that comics are doing less good to the young than the bible might do, or text-books. The word gets round. The reaction is full circle. Comics are *out*. England takes action in a small way, America follows suit in a bigger way. The public, the sheep, find their tongues and bleat : *Nous sommes trahis*. It was the same with tea. We complacently drank and paid. Suddenly we discover we are being cheated and the prices fall. And so with monopolies in tyres and oil and tobacco. The still, small voice is breathing over our Eden. Once it *is* heard, reaction sets in quickly. When the powers that be, feel the kick in the pants, they do a hundred yards in 9 seconds. So, despite the Iron Curtain, why not expect some result, if the voice of millions grows in volume, in the next three years (or less) ? In the long run, democratic government *is* the will of the people. There is no other known stimulus for drafting a Reform Bill that is long overdue.

AUSTRIA'S NEW ENVOY IN LONDON

DR. JOHANNES SCHWARZENBERG AT HIS DESK IN HIS EMBASSY IN LONDON : The new Austrian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who has recently taken up his post, succeeds Baron Lothar Wimmer. He comes to London from Rome, where he was his country's Ambassador. Born in 1903, Dr. Schwarzenberg is the great-grandson of Prince Schwarzenberg, the Allied Commander-in-Chief in the victory over Napoleon at Leipzig in 1814. He joined the Austrian Civil Service in 1927, and after a time transferred to the Diplomatic Service. In 1933 he was Attaché in Rome, and in 1936 moved to a similar post in Berlin. Two years later he left diplomacy, and during the war concerned himself with Red Cross work. In 1946 he re-entered the Diplomatic Service and, after a year as Counsellor in Paris, was appointed Austrian Political Representative to the Italian Government. In 1952 he became Ambassador to Italy.

Price Rings.—We most of us feel there is something in it. Monopolies and price-rings must surely be the cause of our paying for ever higher prices for such things as tyres, tea and tobacco. We are confirmed in our more than suspicion when we note increased dividends marching hand in hand with increased prices. The moderate pipe-smoker feels a sense of injustice when he is warned that he must pay still more for his ounce of tobacco (4½d. once, now 4s. 1½d.) in the very report which announces a most satisfactory year's trading and a higher dividend. Nor does he hear of crippling losses made by tyre manufacturers and the tea trade. On the contrary. But in the debate on monopolies, Mr. Wilson's motion, demanding instant legislation, was rather contradicted by his tirade against unauthorized snooping and extra-legal penalties inflicted by the bosses on traders selling too cheap. The British character detests snooping, but I fancied that government snooping was the least popular form of it, and how legislation without snooping could be effective is as much a problem in price-rings as in international control of nuclear weapons. So it was that Mr. Thorneycroft carried his amendment. He will leave it to the

Commission, whose powers are widened. No price control regulations until the Commission had reported and shown what it could do. It had already been working on the tyre industry for two years. He even hinted that it had taken "effective action." There the House left it reluctantly. Perhaps we shall live to see results as smokers, motorists and tea-drinkers.

Riding on the Curb.—I was glad to note from my files that it was a satisfactory long time ago that I put in my humble warning of the danger of hire purchase *à outrance*. Ever since restrictions were relaxed, this country has been pursuing the "never-never" fashion to more dangerous extremes, and the nation has been mortgaging its future. This may not be the chief reason for Mr. Butler's severe efforts to check the recent worsening in our economy; the chief warnings came from deterioration of trade balance and the fall in sterling value. Our economy remains sound at bottom, better than for years. A period of depression is not forecast by his decisions. It is a punctual and wise method to avert depression and inflation. But swift and severe his decisions were, and they quickly resulted in two things: an improvement in the pound and a short, sharp slump in Stock Exchange Equities. As for the balance of trade, there is no surer method of curbing unduly large stocking by commercial concerns than by making money dearer. More restricted imports imply a better balance with exports. It is a nice calculation, since all hope now turns on still higher exports, so much of which depends on imports of raw materials. So far as I can follow Mr. Butler's reasoning and intention, this seems a fair simplification by and for the amateur in finance.

Petrol Taxation—Interesting Statistics.—Mr. Stuart Malcolm (Motor Agents Association) recently gave some facts (as he believes them) on the little understood subject of consumption of petrol and oil, and the incidence of the present taxation. These facts will surprise many users, especially in their relation to the costs of living. The tax, which includes diesel oil, has been 2s. 6d. a gallon since 1952. Before 1950 it was 9d. The chief users are (1) carrying lorries and vans, (2) buses and coaches, (3) farmers and contractors, (4) local authorities and police, (5) businesses and professions, (6) private motorists. In that order. No. 1 is by far the most important. The private motorist infinitely the most trivial. In 1952, on Government authority, road transport moved 72 per cent. of trade goods transported in Britain, rail transport merely 24 per cent. The percentage of road transport has increased. With the tax at 2s. 6d., the Government nets £300,000,000 a year, of which road vehicles find £270,000,000. The goods-carrying vehicles alone carry half the full burden. Of private cars, 80 per cent. are in use for professional and business purposes (doctors, commercial travellers and such), and only 20 per cent. for what is called "pleasure"—a wide term. We "pleasure- or private-motorists," therefore, represent only one-fifth of a category of users hardly worth including in bulk in the classes of petrol users. It is fair to say, therefore, that, in any arguments against a reduction in the crippling tax, the fear that a reduction would further flood the roads with unnecessary toy-drivers is not sustainable. The whole argument for a reduction is based on the resulting increase in the general cost of living, not for vehicle users but for the whole nation which lives by them.

News from the Arctic Circle.—This is news from nearer home than the Ross Sea. It is news from Ross-shire and the mild Black Isle which caught a part of Caithness weather. For seven days (my correspondent writes) no wheeled vehicle had been up their drive, until a final effort was made by all the men working with two tractors to burst through a 9-ft. drift. The snow was always thigh deep, often waist deep, along the whole route. The snow-plough disintegrated early on. The job was finally done by a dung-lifter pushed by the tractors. There was no mail, no newspaper. Food, including meat, for twenty-four souls had to be carried up from the village, a mile lower down, in rucksacks. It was easier to slide *down*, the labour of return was uphill work indeed! On the main roads, help came at last from Renfrewshire with a gigantic machine! Only the electric wires survived the burden of snow, a mercy since most of the cooking depended on them. And when at last the roads were open, there were no stocks of coal left for the cottagers who had failed to stock their rations. Overhead, indeed, aeroplanes circled looking for S O S signs. The frost reached its all-time record. Mercifully no one was taken ill, for nothing but a helicopter could have availed. The labour of feeding the stock never eased, and showed at time of writing no hope of easement. And that was from Scotland's famous mild-weather area. Our little trouble in Sussex seemed in contrast a flea-bite.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

"GOING BEHIND"

at

COVENT GARDEN

By W. A. DARLINGTON

DRAWINGS by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

A FAMOUS MEMBER OF THE BRICKLAYERS' UNION AT WORK

THE PRIME MINISTER LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ANNEXE TO THE BALTIC EXCHANGE, IN THE CITY OF LONDON: Sir Winston became a recognised bricklayer, with a union card, when he took up building as a recreation some thirty years ago. So when he laid the foundations of the new building for the extension of the Baltic Exchange in St. Mary Axe, E.C., he showed an expert touch. He was accompanied at this ceremony by Lady Churchill, behind him on the left. At a luncheon afterwards, Sir Winston spoke of the principle of dealing in the Baltic Exchange—the acceptance of a man's word as his bond. He added that this verbal method, if adopted in the Civil Service, might "save some of the enormous and ever-growing paper work and documentary studies which occupy our time." He and Lady Churchill were presented at the luncheon with an eighteenth-century card-table and four silver candlesticks by Sir J. Gibson Graham, Chairman of the Exchange.

GERMAN CHURCH LEADERS ON A VISIT TO LONDON

GUESTS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT LAMBETH: This party of German Evangelical Church leaders had come to London for a conference with theologians of the Anglican Communion. The visitors stayed in a wing of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth. In this picture, talking with Dr. Fisher (back to the camera), are, from left to right—Professor G. Friedrich, Professor of Theology at Erlangen University; Oberkirchenrat Dr. Kloppenburg, from Dortmund; Professor W. Hahn, Professor of Theology at the University of Heidelberg; Oberkirchenrat Dr. P. Huber, from Frankfurt-on-Main; and Professor H. Greevan, a tutor at the Theological College at Bethel, in Westphalia. Dr. Kloppenburg is especially concerned with the Œcumenical relations of the German Evangelical Church. He and his colleagues spent five days in the theological discussions at Lambeth. The Conference was arranged by the Anglo-German Church Committee, which has been established by the British Council of Churches.

RESCUERS WAIST DEEP IN WATER: This scene in Maitland was repeated in the many parts of New South Wales which were devastated by the floods. A leading part in the rescue work was played by the R.A.A.F. and the police. Besides operating in lorries on the ground, airmen dropped supplies from aircraft to isolated communities. Preliminary estimates put the damage at a minimum of £A6,000,000. The British Government is contributing £250,000 for flood relief.

FLOOD HAVOC IN AUSTRALIA

New South Wales Suffers Disaster from the Worst Floods in the History of the Commonwealth

The pictures on these pages can give only a slight idea of the appalling devastation which has swept over New South Wales as a result of the recent floods. In the House of Commons, Mr. Butler announced that Britain would contribute £250,000 towards relief in what he described as "the worst floods in the history of Australia." The British Red Cross issued a special appeal and many private organisations and individuals in Britain also sent financial or material help to Australia. The Queen, in a message to the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, spoke of her "deep distress" at the news of the catastrophe.

It is expected to be some time before a full estimate can be made of the damage. Preliminary surveys anticipate that it will be at least £A6,000,000. Besides the death roll of seventy, there has been terrifying damage to property and farm stock. Many valuable stud cattle were drowned. The disaster was caused by several days of continuous rain, which led to the rivers Macquarie, Hunter and Namoi bursting their banks. At one time it was calculated that 30,000 square miles of New South Wales were under water. At Gilgandra many houses have suffered so severely they will have to be rebuilt. In Narrabri a number of buildings were destroyed altogether, being swept away by a 20-mile-an-hour current. From Maitland 6,000 inhabitants were evacuated because of the danger of epidemic when the waters receded.

Police and Service men have done splendid rescue work. In the aftermath the authorities face many problems. Families have to be rehoused, water supplies cleared of possible contamination, the dead bodies of animals removed from streets. Also the vital question of financial compensation for losses has to be decided.

A HOSPITAL CUT OFF BY THE FLOODS: This aerial picture shows the hospital at Narromine surrounded by the water which had overflowed from the River Macquarie. The worst floods in the history of Australia were caused by several days of continuous heavy rain. Besides the Macquarie, the rivers Hunter and Namoi burst their banks. In New South Wales losses to property and stock were enormous.

TWO FLOOD-BOUND TOWNS: *On left*—The picture of Dubbo was taken from an R.A.A.F. relief-carrying Dakota. In this town of 10,000 inhabitants, over 1,000 homes were flooded and the shopping area was under 6 ft. of water. *Above*—Maitland, on the Hunter river, was another place to suffer heavily. Over half the inhabitants were evacuated because of the threat of disease when the floods receded.

MARINES IN THE SNOW

A Winter Warfare Course for Marine Commandos in the Cairngorm Mountains

A COMMANDO SKI PATROL IN THE CAIRNGORMS: Four men from the 42 Commando Group, Royal Marines, move swiftly over the snow during a three-weeks course in winter warfare in Scotland. The course is held to instruct the men in the art of moving and living under the difficult conditions likely to be encountered in winter warfare. Eight nights of the three weeks are spent living on the mountainside in two- or eight-man tents or in snow-holes. A special technique is used to dig these holes. First a trench is cut to a depth of about 6 ft., and then a tunnel is made in the side and enough snow is excavated to make a hole of the required size. An entrance is cut facing away from the prevailing wind and the trench is covered with snow. The men live quite comfortably in these holes.

A LOOK-OUT POST AT 3,500 FEET: Corporal E. Foster and Marine Lewis are seen during their training in Scotland. As well as learning winter warfare, the Marines learn how to ski. Some of the men will have further training in Norway.

DIGGING A SNOW-HOLE IN THE CAIRNGORMS: It takes about two hours for two men to dig one of these cosy hideouts. Low trenches are sometimes cut between the different holes for communication.

THE TENTS ARE PROTECTED AGAINST BLIZZARDS: Three Marines build a wall round their tent with the help of slabs of snow. *On left*—Lieutenant Grey attaches skins to his skis. These skins enable the skis to grip the surface and make for easier going uphill. Lieut.-Colonel L. Metzer, of the U.S. Marine Corps, paid a visit to the British Commandos and was much impressed by the efficiency of both the officers and men and the ski instructors.

THE RAID ON GAZA

Scenes After the Serious Armed Clash on the Israeli-Egyptian Frontier, for which the Mixed Armistice Commission has Condemned Israel

AFTER THE CLASH AT GAZA IN WHICH THIRTY-EIGHT EGYPTIANS WERE KILLED : Above is a shot-up jeep. *Below*—The vehicle stands by wrecked buildings. The Israeli-Egyptian Mixed Armistice Commission has condemned Israel for the attack.

AN AMBUSHED EGYPTIAN ARMY TRUCK : The Armistice Commission, in its resolution, declared that this truck was attacked by an Israeli ambush on the Rafaa-Gaza highway. The vehicle was said to have been carrying reinforcements to the town.

The Israeli-Egyptian border clash at Gaza last week may have serious consequences upon Jewish-Arab relations in the Middle East. Further reports of incidents allegedly instigated by Israel have come from Egypt and other Arab states. From Gaza itself wives and children of United Nations observers in that area have been evacuated. Over 200,000 Arab refugees from Israel are seething with fury in and around the town. Their anger is directed against U.N. representatives because, according to the Arab view, U.N. created Israel.

Last week-end all Europeans in Gaza were under orders from the Egyptian Military Governor not to leave their homes, except with permission and under military escort. At the same time the Israeli-Egyptian Mixed Armistice Commission concluded its investigations into the Gaza incident. The Commission was composed of Israeli and Egyptian delegates, with a French Chairman, Major-General Giacomaggi. The Egyptian resolution was adopted after the Chairman had given his casting vote. It condemned two Israeli units for crossing the border into Egyptian territory. Egyptian casualties were high and the Israeli actions were stigmatized as "brutal aggressions." An Israeli resolution putting the blame on Egypt was defeated. Israel is appealing against the Commission's findings.

A FOOD STORE FIRED BY ARAB DEMONSTRATORS : Enraged by what they regarded as an unwarranted attack by Israeli troops, local Arabs looted and set fire to this U.N. food store in Gaza. The demonstrators chanted "give us guns, not food."

DAMAGE ON EGYPTIAN TERRITORY : *Left*—A burnt-out army truck lies close to buildings of an Egyptian camp wrecked during the fighting between the Egyptian and Israeli troops. *Right*—In the foreground is the wreckage of the water-pumping plant for the Egyptian camp at Gaza. The Mixed Armistice Commission's resolution states that it was blown up by the Israelis. The Commission found two Israeli units crossed the frontier for more than a mile into Egyptian territory.

THE LAST TEST MATCH

England Gained a Moral Victory Over Australia in the Drawn Game at Sydney, which was Reduced to Three Days' Play by Rain

The final Test underlined the superiority of England's cricketers over the Australians in the series. When play began after a loss of three days because of torrential rains, Johnson sent England in to bat on a dead wicket. Hutton took with him as opening partner Graveney, who had hitherto been very inconsistent. Within 2½ hours the Gloucestershire batsman had hit his way to a superb century, scorning the fast bowlers and the menacing field they tried to set. He went to his hundred by hitting four boundaries off one over from Miller. May was forced to play second string during this display, but in their partnership of 182 he contributed 79. Later Compton and Bailey joined in another century stand.

Where Australia had failed in previous tests against England's fast bowlers, they collapsed this time against the spin of Wardle. The Yorkshire left-arm bowler deceived nearly all the Australian batsmen with his flight and with his chinaman, the left-hand bowler's off-break. Australia, despite a long innings of 72 by Favell, failed to avoid the follow-on by one run, and when play ended still needed 32 runs to make England bat again, with only four wickets in hand. To the last England maintained their supremacy over Australia which they had gained on the fifth morning of the second Test Match, at Sydney, three days before Christmas. From that moment the captaincy of Hutton, the bowling of Tyson and Statham, and the batting of May and Cowdrey, never allowed the Australians to regain the initiative.

NO PLAY TO-DAY : The "keep off" sign applied to the two teams as well as to the public on what should have been the first three days of the final Test Match at Sydney. England's captain, Hutton, and the Sydney Cricket Ground curator, Bill Watt, seem, however, to have been in no way dismayed.

ENGLAND'S FAST BOWLERS AT BAY : Statham, left, watches Tyson pour out tea in the pavilion, while the players waited for a decision on play for the day. For three days these two bowlers, who had done as much as anyone to retain the Ashes for England, could do nothing more than sign autographs.

GRAVENEY ON HIS WAY TO A SUPERB CENTURY : The Gloucestershire batsman has driven Lindwall to the off, despite the menaces of the "umbrella" field of slips and gullies. Graveney, taken in by Hutton to open the innings, hit 111 runs in 160 minutes. At the other end is May, who made 79 and took part with Graveney in a stand of 182.

AWAY IT GOES : Benaud, the bowler, and Maddocks, the wicketkeeper, watch Davidson lunge at an uppish shot from Bailey. Compton at the other end calls for the run. After a slow start on the second day's play, Bailey and Compton settled down to a fifth wicket partnership of 134. Compton scored 84 and the Essex all-rounder 72.

OH, WHAT A BALL ! : Benaud pulls a face after he had been bowled by Wardle's chinaman in the first innings. Evans and Graveney behind the stumps, and the other batsman, Maddocks, look on. Wardle, seen at left, took eight of the sixteen Australian wickets that fell for 130 runs. He constantly deceived the batsmen with his off-breaks.

MILLER HAS A FLING : The Australian batsman swings a ball from Appleyard to leg. In the first innings he was run out as a result of some fine fielding by Cowdrey. Miller gained great praise for his leadership of the New South Wales team which, in the match preceding the last Test, became the first State side to beat M.C.C. since the war.

THE "CUTTY SARK"

Work Proceeds on the Reconditioning of the Old Clipper in her Final Anchorage by the Thames

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF THE "CUTTY SARK": The dry-dock in which the old clipper lies at Greenwich is being closed against the Thames by a concrete wall, which is seen being built here. Her prow, seen in the foreground, points riverwards. The *Cutty Sark* established several sailing records on the Australia run.

BOWS WHICH BATTLED UNDER SAIL THROUGH TEMPESTUOUS SEAS: Work is proceeding on the *Cutty Sark* for her to lie in a permanent dry-dock at Greenwich.

A MEMORIAL TO THE MERCHANT NAVY: The famous clipper will commemorate the Merchant Navy, in peace and war, in the same way as H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth recalls the glory of the Royal Navy.

THE GLORY OF THE "CUTTY SARK" REMAINS: Atop one of her masts workmen are constructing a new gantry. The clipper is being reconditioned so that all can see her as she was in the days of her splendour, when she was the fastest ship under sail of her time.

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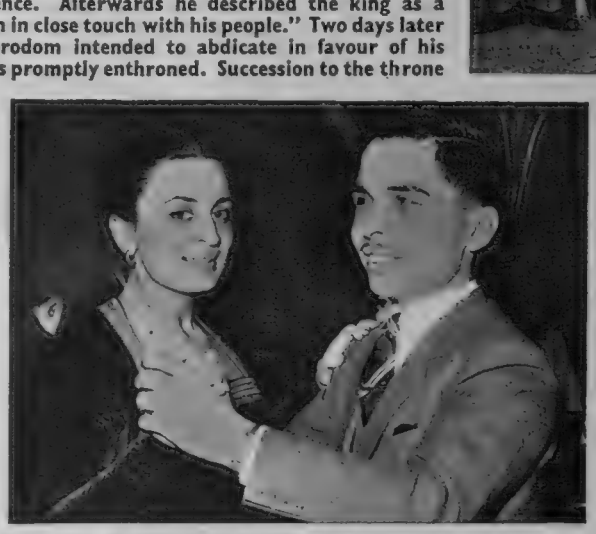
The Foreign News in Pictures

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

Diplomatic Exchanges in the Far East, Ireland and Germany—and a Survey of Other Recent Events in the Middle East and Europe

THE KING OF CAMBODIA ABDICATES : King Norodom Sihanouk with the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, in the Cambodian capital of Pnom Penh. Mr. Dulles was paying a call on the thirty-three-year-old king during his Far East tour after the Bangkok conference. Afterwards he described the king as a "vigorous, outspoken young man in close touch with his people." Two days later it was announced that King Norodom intended to abdicate in favour of his father, Prince Suramarit, who was promptly enthroned. Succession to the throne is by election. Announcing his abdication, the young King claimed that certain political parties, among them the Democratic Party of Son Ngoc Thanh, who had been Premier of Cambodia under the Japanese occupation, had approached the International Armistice Commission with the intention of preventing him from continuing his work. He would therefore leave the throne "to live among my people." The young king, known for his love of jazz bands, had made a number of spectacular decisions in his fourteen-year reign. He launched Cambodia's first Constitution in 1947, and then suspended it five years later after trouble with some of the political parties, among them the Democrats. The king, it is believed, has recently been at variance with the International Armistice Commission about his plans for a new Constitution, for they were said to discriminate against the Democratic Party.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY IN SINGAPORE : Sir Anthony Eden with some of the officials who attended a conference of British representatives in the Far East, which the Foreign Secretary held while on his way home from the Bangkok Conference. From left are Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who has been accompanying the Foreign Secretary throughout his tour ; Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, High Commissioner in India ; Sir John Fearns Nicoll, Governor of Singapore ; Sir Anthony ; Admiral Sir Charles Lambe, Commander-in-Chief Far East Station ; Air Marshal F. J. Fressanges, Commander-in-Chief of the Far East Air Force ; General Sir Charles Loewen, Commander-in-Chief of the Far East Land Force ; and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for South-East Asia. Sir Anthony Eden also took the opportunity of visiting the mainland of Malaya, where he saw something of British troops fighting against the terrorists. Later the Foreign Secretary visited Delhi, where he had talks with Mr. Nehru concerning the differences between India and Britain on the Formosa problem.



THE KING OF JORDAN TO MARRY : King Hussein and his cousin, Princess Dina Abdel Hamid, seen dancing together when they were in London. The twenty-year-old King and the Princess, two years older, announced their engagement in Cairo, where the Princess lectures at the University. King Hussein was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, and the Princess at Girton, Cambridge.

INDIA'S AMBASSADOR TO IRELAND PRESENTS HER CREDENTIALS : Mrs. Pandit, who is also Indian High Commissioner in London, inspecting a guard of honour in Dublin. The Indian Premier's sister was on her way to present her credentials to Mr. Sean O'Kelly, the Irish President, on taking up her appointment as the new Indian Ambassador to the Republic of Ireland.

QUEEN SORAYA IN BONN : The Persian Queen with President Heuss at a reception in the West German capital given by the Shah for him and for Dr. Adenauer, the Federal Chancellor. After their visit to England, the Shah and Queen Soraya flew to Hamburg, which claims to have the largest Persian colony of any city in Europe. After spending three days there, the Royal couple went on to Bonn. Queen Soraya's mother is German, and her father is Persian Ambassador to West Germany.

DUTCH WARSHIPS VISIT MALTA : British and Dutch vessels lie anchored in Sliema Creek during the visit of the Royal Netherlands Navy Training Squadron to Malta. Valetta, the capital, can be seen in the background. The ships in the foreground are, from left, H.M.S. *Comet*, H.M.S. *Roebuck*, H.M.S. *Corunna*, and H.M.S. *Aisne*. To starboard of them are the Dutch vessels, *Kortenaer*, *Evertsen* (both British-built ships), *De Zeeuw*, and *Van Ewijck*. The Dutch training squadron is on a month's visit to the Mediterranean, and will join the British Mediterranean and Home Fleets in their exercises.

On left—

THE RETURN OF CINCINNATUS ? : Mr. David Ben Gurion, right, with the Israeli Prime Minister, Mr. Sharett, outside Ben Gurion's hut at the Sde Boker settlement in the Negev Desert. Here Mr. Ben Gurion has for fourteen months been living the life of a shepherd after retiring from the office of Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, until his recall at the end of last month to the Government. A few days later, Israeli troops were involved in one of the most serious border clashes since 1949, when thirty-nine Egyptians were killed and thirty-two were wounded near Gaza. The matter is being taken up by the United Nations Security Council. But the Egyptian Premier has announced that from now on "Force is to be met by force."

THE ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE PAYS TRIBUTE TO ONE OF ITS FOREMOST MEMBERS : Members of the Academy at the State funeral of Paul Claudel in Notre Dame, in Paris. From right are M. Maurice Garçon, M. André Maurois, M. Marcel Pagnol, and M. Georges Lecomte. Claudel, who died aged eighty-six, was a poet and dramatist whose works, with their strong religious overtones, found a ready response among the French public. As a diplomat, Claudel became French Ambassador to Tokyo, Washington, and Brussels.

THE FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE SABENA AIRLINER CRASH : Funeral wreaths are borne in procession to the Church of St. Anthony, in Rieti, where the funeral service was held for twenty-nine victims of the airliner crash. Despite heavy rain, thousands of people turned out to line the route of the procession. Among the wreaths was one from King Baudouin of the Belgians. The airliner had crashed on a mountainside near Rieti, about forty miles from Rome, while on its way to the Italian capital from Brussels.

POWER FROM NEW ZEALAND'S HOT SPRINGS

The Project at Wairakei Geyser Valley, in the North Island, where Geothermal Energy is Being Developed to Provide, by 1958, Electricity for the North Island and Heavy Water for Britain's Nuclear Power Stations

AN ancient Maori legend and nuclear power stations of the future may, at first sight, have little in common. But two announcements at the end of last month have bridged this remarkable gap in time and progress. The first came from the Minister of Fuel and Power, who, as reported two weeks ago, announced the plans for the establishment of Britain's first nuclear power stations, which would generate electricity on a commercial basis. It was pointed out that one of the factors which might eventually make these power stations more efficient and economic would be the use of heavy water instead of graphite, as a moderator in atomic piles, but that, in view of the present supply position, this development will take some time.

The following week it was announced that a company had been formed to operate the joint project between the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Commission and the New Zealand Government for the production of heavy water and electric power from geothermal steam in the Wairakei district of the North Island of New Zealand. And a paper, recently published, by Dr. W. M. Hamilton, of the New Zealand Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, describes the progress that is being made.

The Maoris tell many stories accounting for the volcanic nature of their country in the North Island, and for the geothermal springs which produce hot water and steam from the depths of the earth. Many of these legends concern the wanderings of the priest Ngatoro-i-rangi. He is credited with the first ascent of the mountain Tongariro. According to legend, a blizzard arose during Ngatoro's ascent, and the priest nearly perished from cold. He called on the Goddess of Fire, who promptly responded, coming from White Island and Whale Island off the northern coast. Her fire swept underground towards Mount Tongariro, spouting up at half-a-dozen places on the way. Right at the top of Tongariro, the goddess found the priest and revived him.

The various points at which the goddess "came up for air" on her way to Mount Tongariro are the centres of New Zealand's thermal region. Prominent among these is the Wairakei area, between Putaruru and Rotorua, just over 100 miles to the south-east of Auckland. About twenty years ago active investigations began into the possible use of the natural heat in these thermal areas, and at Rotorua a number of buildings were provided with space heating and hot water from heated ground water tapped at relatively shallow depths. It was also appreciated that the best use that could be made of geothermal energy was in generating electric power, but until the war it was considered that the North Island had adequate water resources for its electricity needs.

After the war it was decided to go ahead with developing the Wairakei area. Two factors made it highly desirable that this source of inexpensive power should be tapped to the full. One was that the demands for electricity in the North Island had increased beyond all expectations. In ten years consumption had doubled, and it became obvious that present hydro-electric capacity would be unable to meet the requirements of the next ten years unless restrictions on the use of electricity were imposed. The other factor was, of course, the advent of the atom age. Heavy water was required for atomic and other nuclear power, and it became apparent that Wairakei could play an important role.

Heavy water weighs slightly more than ordinary water and has a rather higher boiling-point. Because of this, it can be separated from ordinary water by fractional distillation in much the same way as crude oil is distilled in a refinery. For this distillation a great deal of heat is required, so that heavy water procured in this manner is normally extremely expensive, because of the large amounts of coal required in the separation process. Geothermal steam, however, provides large quantities of cheap heat, and such a source of power as will be available at Wairakei cannot be ignored. It is expected that when the plant there will be in operation in late 1957, it will provide a "useful" tonnage of heavy water for nuclear reactors.

There can be no doubt that it is considered desirable to use heavy water for the reactors if it becomes available in sufficient and economic quantities. Already heavy water is being used in place of graphite as a moderator in a small experimental nuclear reactor at Harwell, and a full-scale reactor using heavy water will also come into use, which will be employed in the production of isotopes. In a way, it could be said that the development of Wairakei to-day may lead to a reduction in the cost of electricity in England in twenty-five years' time.

By 1958 it is also hoped to produce electricity at the rate of about 40,000 kilowatts. It is a modest beginning, but it is reckoned that to supply a coal-fired power-station with coal enough to generate a similar supply of power, would cost an additional £400,000 a year. When eventually something like 500,000 kilowatts can be obtained from geothermal sources as an alternative to steam-generating stations, the saving could be in the region of £5,000,000 annually.

The Geothermal Development Company, which was formed last month, is a joint enterprise between the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority and the New Zealand Government. It will undertake the construction of a factory and other facilities to produce heavy water and electric power. The capital required will be about £2,000,000 for the heavy water plant, which will be found by the Atomic Energy Authority; and some £4,000,000 for the electric power equipment, which will be provided by the New Zealand Government. This Company will confine its activities to Wairakei, but, no doubt, if other suitable sources of geothermal power present themselves, similar arrangements will be made for their exploitation.

Maori legend apart, just what are these jets of steam on which so many hopes for the future are based? Though our knowledge of what goes on below the surface of the earth is far more slender than that of the skies, it can be assumed that the thermal activity in New Zealand's North Island is intimately connected with the volcanic nature of the region. A New Zealand geologist, Mr. L. I. Grange, estimates that of the series of great ash showers which occurred in the North Island Taupo area in the last 9,000 years, one of the most recent occurred about 1,700 years ago, covering an area of 8,800 square miles. Another major ash shower occurred at Mount Tarawera about 1,000 years later. It is assumed that the magma, or molten matter, from which igneous rocks are derived, which caused these eruptions, is also responsible for the thermal activity in the Wairakei-Taupo area. As the intruded magma cools, it releases steam and gas through fissures in the basement rock through more permeable surface-beds. These are saturated with ordinary ground water, which is heated by the rising steam and gases.

Drilling began in the Wairakei Geyser Valley in 1950. This was no easy matter, for the only precedent on which the New Zealand engineers could rely was that of Lardarello, in Italy, and it was quickly found that conditions at Wairakei were very different. The light drills with which they started soon had to be replaced by heavy rig from the Mines Department, which enabled holes of a reasonable diameter to be driven to depths of 1,500 ft. But as they drilled deeper they encountered increasing temperatures and pressures. The engineers had to deal with problems never before encountered anywhere else in the world, and it was the men on the spot who provided the solutions. The sub-surface rocks at Wairakei are permeable, and have to be cooled down continually while the drill prizes its way into the earth, and drilling fluids have constantly to be pumped into the bore. It was also shown that bores of still larger diameters were needed to produce the best results, and this entailed the use of still heavier gear. And in order to avoid the erosion which results from the mixture of water with steam, separators have been devised to strain off some of the water. All these factors require a high degree of organisation, for the drilling must be kept going at all costs: once it stops, the hole is lost. No fewer than twenty-one men are needed to operate a heavy drill throughout three shifts.

As the depths—and heat—increased, the pressures became too great even for the heavy gear. From Australia came valves which can withstand pressures up to 1,000 ft. per sq. in., and it has been with the aid of these that the first deep holes, fitted with 8-in. diameter casings, were drilled. Some of these are over 3,000 ft. deep. While these 8-in. bores are known as production wells, and will form the nucleus of the geothermal production at Wairakei, the 4- and 6-in. investigation holes will also eventually play their part.

The engineers at Wairakei and the scientists in the laboratories have shown great enterprise and initiative in dealing with the problems which have come upon them with such suddenness in dealing with a virtually unknown subject. This is only fitting in an enterprise of immense possibilities. At present only the Wairakei area is being fully developed, but an estimate of the potential in the North Island's geothermal areas reveals that the power potential is nearly 500,000 kilowatts. Even then, however, it is believed that the long-term requirements of the North Island will exceed this. It is then that New Zealand will no doubt turn to nuclear power stations, and that the production of heavy water will come to be of the greatest assistance to her own economy as well as to that of the Mother Country.

A SOURCE OF POWER BELOW THE SURFACE OF A LOVELY NEW ZEALAND VALLEY: This view of the Wairakei Geyser Valley, looking east, shows six of the experimental bores from which steam is seen escaping. In the background is Mount Tauhara, which dominates the fine scenery in this part of the North Island, about 100 miles from Auckland. By 1958 it is hoped to produce heavy water for atomic piles and electricity for the island from geothermal energy derived from the heated water below the surface.

THE POWER OF STEAM : This small-diameter bore has been fitted with a silencer, which reduces the noise of the escaping steam to a fifth of its normal intensity.

PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE EARTH TO DERIVE GEOTHERMAL ENERGY : In the "production area," which consists of about 1½ square miles around Wairakei, more than thirty holes have been drilled, most of them of 4 or 6 ins. in diameter for investigation purposes. There are also four 8-in. production wells.

REACHING FOR THE SKY : Steam rises at tremendous pressure from two of the experimental bores sunk during the investigations into harnessing geothermal power.

TO SEPARATE EXCESS WATER FROM THE STEAM : This separator is an important factor in the application of geothermal power to generating electricity. Only in ideal circumstances does "dry" steam emerge; there is apt to be a considerable water content after the bore has been blowing for some time.

THE ROAR OF GEOTHERMAL POWER : Onlookers put their hands to their ears as the escaping steam from a bore roars to its crescendo.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF EXPERIMENTAL DRILLING : The steam escaping from one of the new bores at Wairakei. Drilling first began in the Geyser Valley in 1950. Now geothermal power derived from the area may contribute to the electricity supply of the North Island by 1958, and may eventually effect an annual saving of £5,000,000.

THE PARSONAGE AT HAWORTH: It was in this building, about nine miles from Bradford, that Charlotte Brontë and her sisters Emily and Anne spent most of their lives. To-day the Haworth Parsonage is a Brontë Museum, which is owned by the Brontë Society.

THE YORKSHIRE TOWN WHICH NURTURED THE LITERARY SISTERS FROM THE PARSONAGE: The main street in Haworth, which at the time of Charlotte Brontë's death was no more than a village.

THE BRONTËS' FATHER PRESIDES IN THE PARSONAGE: The Rev. Patrick Brontë, whose picture hangs over the fireplace, survived all his children.

THE BLACK BULL: It was to this hostelry that the sisters' brother Branwell used to repair. His habitual drunkenness caused great distress.

The BRONTË CENTENARY

The Yorkshire Town of Haworth and its Surroundings Associated with Charlotte Brontë, Who Died 100 Years Ago

It can be imagined with what surprise Messrs. Smith and Elder, the London publishers, discovered that the best-seller which they had on their hands was the work of a young woman looking after her father in a Yorkshire parsonage. To-day, a hundred years after the death of Charlotte Brontë in that very parsonage at Haworth, it still seems scarcely credible that *Jane Eyre* was written there, under the spell of the Yorkshire moors and under the gloomy shadow of a host of petty and major tribulations. And that her two gifted sisters, Emily and Anne, should have made their names in literature at the same time from the same parsonage.

Haworth to-day is a flourishing little town not far from Bradford, but the visitor in search of Brontë relics will still gain much of the atmosphere of 1820, the year Patrick Brontë moved into the rectory to take up the living there. With him he took his wife, whom he married seven years before, five daughters and his only son. Within thirty-five years Patrick Brontë found himself the sole survivor of this family.

The girls went to school at Cowan's Bridge, between Kendal and Leeds, where now stands a row of old cottages. In 1823 this school for the daughters of clergymen had been opened with sixteen pupils, and the two eldest girls, Maria and Elizabeth, were sent there the next year; Charlotte and Emily followed soon after. The discipline was often harsh and the food bad; but what probably left the greatest impression on Charlotte was the fever which broke out in the following year and claimed the lives of her two eldest sisters. The intensity with which the school is described in *Jane Eyre*, as Lowood, reveals the impact this made upon Charlotte, who was then only ten.

In Haworth there still stands the building which once housed a Sunday school, where Charlotte used to teach. By then charged with looking after the rest of the family, Charlotte sought regular employment as a teacher, but her health was delicate, and too often, where her employers were congenial, the climate was not. One result, however, was a stay in Brussels from 1842-1844, from which she returned with a certificate of ability to teach French. This was the only significant part of her life in which she was away from Haworth.

One other remaining link with the Brontë's is the Old Black Bull. It was to this tavern that Branwell Brontë, the only brother, repaired, and where too often he drank to excess. Branwell was a young man full of promise as an artist, and his picture of the three literary sisters now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. He went to London, but made little headway. To the great distress of his sisters, he took to drink, opium, and worse, and died at Haworth of consumption, a disease prevalent in the family, in 1848.

A SEAT ON THE MOORS: It is said that Charlotte Brontë often came to sit on these stones on the moors two miles from Haworth.

ONE OF SEVERAL SCHOOLS AT WHICH CHARLOTTE TAUGHT: This building, near the Haworth Parsonage, was a Sunday school, where the author of *Jane Eyre* is said to have taught.

THE BRONTËS' SCHOOL COMMEMORATED IN "JANE EYRE": A view of the row of small cottages at Cowan Bridge, near Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland, described as "Lowood" in *Jane Eyre*.

"BROCKLEBRIDGE CHURCH": The church at Tunstall to which Charlotte and her sisters used to walk from the Clergy Daughters' School, 2 miles away. It is described in *Jane Eyre*.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS: A typical part of the moors which the Brontë sisters were fond of describing. The old farmstead at Withens, three miles from Haworth, was the original of Emily's only novel.

THE VILLAGE FRONTS GRACIOUSLY TO THE THAMES : The historic houses of Cheyne Walk run behind the Embankment Gardens and give Chelsea by the river some of its attractive charm. Here in the past lived George Eliot, Maclise, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who kept a menagerie in his garden, Swinburne, Wilson Steer, and Turner. Whistler, too, had a studio in Cheyne Walk. Riverward, Chelsea is peopled with legendary shades.

THE VILLAGE BY THE RIVER

For Generations Chelsea by the Thames has been the Artistic Quarter of London. To-day it is also a Residential District. But the Bohemian Spirit Still Prevails

By NEVILE WALLIS. Photographs by W. G. DAVIS

IT was J. M. Barrie who remarked, if memory serves, that Fleet Street was the only place in the world where a man might eat a halfpenny bun in the street without people turning round to stare at him. If so, he overlooked Chelsea, whose every inhabitant comes to accept human eccentricities as a matter of course, and is usually too occupied even to remark them. Indeed, the singular characters who have lived in that artistic neighbourhood have created its legend. One remembers how Wilde appeared one day in a Polish cap and green overcoat wonderfully befrogged and befurred, and the swift protest of his neighbour, Whistler: "Oscar! How dare you! What means this disguise? Restore those things to Nathan's, and never again let me find you masquerading the streets of my Chelsea in the combined costumes of Kossuth and Mr. Mantalini!" But that was merely sparring between rivals; and no doubt the residents in Tite Street thought no more of the dramatist's guises than, forty years later, they were to think of the magnificent beard and garb (so remarkable to any outsider) of Mr. Augustus John.

For a great point about Chelsea is the continuity of its artistic life. The comely period houses between the King's Road and the river are studded with tablets to famous artists and men of letters; yet distinguished men have succeeded them, and any day you might surprise Mr. T. S. Eliot, pale and suave, emerging from a block of mansions into Cheyne Walk, or catch sight of Sir Osbert Sitwell turning imperially out of pleasant Carlyle Square into the King's Road. Nor do they attract any particular notice, being part of the variegated pattern of this borough by the riverside which still calls itself a village, and preserves parochial ways. A happily informal parish, in truth, it is, where Sir Lewis Casson is ever ready to open a bazaar, and Mr. Guy Edmiston, the Mayor, is as game to pop balloons as they cascade down at a party in the Town Hall, transformed, in imagination's eye, into a village hall en fete.

Before we enjoy exploring old Chelsea and recalling its associations, let us look a little more closely at its life and character to-day. Ask Mr. Bool, the hale Town Councillor, who, as a lad, well remembers seeing Oscar Wilde about; ask him what changes have impressed him most in his eighty years' residence. He will say the modern blocks of "courts" and "mansions," and an influx of wealthier, often more business-like people. Chelsea is more "mixed" now, he says. Yet the change has been very gradual, for Carlyle Mansions, facing the Embankment, are already some seventy years old, and for nearly thirty now the brick pile of Swan Court has dominated Flood Street.

Moreover, the residents more commodiously housed (at rents of £300 or £400 per annum) mingle naturally enough with their neighbours. Beauty dresses casually here, anyway, and jeans and scarves and duffle-coats are a normal rig in the King's Road. In any Chelsea party, in any pub, painters, poets, players and producers, literary journalists and even company directors, forgather almost indistinguishably, since beards have ceased to be an artistic prerogative. And, for that matter, the more decent and weathered blocks of flats do somehow consort with their neighbours, their simple masses assuming in the light of dusk a more romantic aspect.

FASHIONS ARE CASUAL IN CHELSEA : The two pictures were taken in streets off King's Road, Chelsea's main thoroughfare, where jeans and duffle-coats are a normal fashion. On the right the woman by the bus stop is looking across to the Town Hall, on the King's Road.

But though resident artists have grown accustomed to fresh buildings and faces, they tend to be uneasy about the monetary implications. They have seen once-modest cottages modernised, charmingly decorated, and converted into fashionable abodes. While they are grateful to the Council for ensuring that new studios, such as those near Pelham Crescent, have been offered first to bona-fide artists, they are sceptical, none the less, about future tenancies. Any owner who discovers that he can sub-let a furnished studio for ten guineas a week is unlikely to come to terms with a painter whose total income may amount to less. Fortunately, there are artists still clinging to their "rent-restricted" studios, a somewhat dilapidated one in Manresa Road costing £80 a year, and a spacious residential studio (with kitchen and usual offices) in Flood

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A PROSPECT WHICH UNFOLDS LIKE A CANALETTO CANVAS : The great Venetian would have delighted in the panorama of the Chelsea waterfront from Battersea Bridge. The western end of Cheyne Walk runs to the corner (on far left), where the road turns inland to the grimy purlieus of Lots Road Power Station. Where the house-boats are lying at low tide there was once a wooden jetty, from which Walter Greaves, the waterman-artist, made his paintings of the bridge.

VILLAGE by the RIVER

(*Continued from previous page*)

Street no more than £120. In general, however, the heart of Chelsea is no place for very struggling young artists who have mostly moved to districts about Earls Court, the Fulham Road, or the shabbier parts of Hammersmith, which can also offer them cheap cafés and enticing views of the river. This problem reveals itself more to the investigator than to the casual visitor, who can certainly expect to see artists in force at the Queen's Elm, the Cross Keys, and other congenial pubs, maintaining the oldest tradition of Chelsea.

Such, then, are the conditions to-day in this parochial yet populous, conservative and reluctantly changing borough. It was, indeed, a populous village even at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with close on 20,000 inhabitants. In those days Sloane Square was an open space, surrounded with wooden posts and chains, where boys played cricket and broke off to watch Queen Charlotte's Royal Volunteers assemble and march off, with band playing, to Hyde Park. To the north of the King's Road, once a footway through the fields, lay Chelsea Heath, whose farms and cottages held rights of pasturage for cows and heifers. In time that footway became a coach road, and the central thoroughfare extended, as it still does, from Sloane Square as far west as Stamford Bridge, the extremity of Chelsea, where the football stadium now lies.

Bordering the King's Road, on either side, are narrow, leafy squares, the streets to the north leading up to the Fulham Road and the Kensington boundary, and to the south running down to the river, to that cherished riverside between Ranelagh and Cremorne Gardens, whose splendours have long since vanished. That is Chelsea, S.W.3; but when we speak of the Village we think particularly of the wedge-shaped area between Ranelagh and Cremorne, on the river-front; and on the north the King's Road as far west as the World's End, that quaintly and so aptly named tavern—mentioned in Congreve's *Love for Love*—that marks the limit of this exclusive and historic little world.

Let us take a bus from Sloane Square—glancing back first at the Court Theatre, where Shaw's plays startled and stimulated London fifty years ago—and explore the twisting length of the King's Road. Saturday morning is the best time, when beauty, as we have said, is casually dressed and wears her most purposeful air, thronging the pavements, besieging the fruit- and flower-stalls, prying into antique shops, and returning heavy-laden. The architecture, after we pass the Duke of York's headquarters, is a delightfully inconsequent jumble of mellow brick and plaster dwellings, with here a modern accent supplied by the Gaumont Cinema, and there a robust Victorian note by the Chelsea Palace with its cupola and red stone facing, and ever-changing names that belong to music-hall history. ("Tell me, 'Arry, 'oo was that lady I saw you wiv in the Six Bells last night?" The parochial audience leans back, tickled as much by the allusion as by the time-honoured riposte.)

The bus jerks on, and there is just time to glimpse, on the left, one of the surviving eighteenth-century mansions in the King's Road—Argyll House, with its delightful wrought-iron gate, its urns and balustrade, built by the Venetian architect, Giacomo Leoni, who called it "This little House of my Invention." Further on, old Church Street would lead us, if we could alight, to the Chelsea Arts Club, with its memories of Sargent, and Wilson Steer crouched over the chessboard, and Alfred Munnings declaiming a ballad, and many other artist-members since 1891. In the little bar of the billiard-room, overlooking the Cupid fountain in the garden, you might find Mr. Loris Rey, the Club's gravely courteous secretary

THE CHELSEA FORGE : Mr. Margrie (on the right) stands in his smithy close by the King's Road. He is the third generation of his family to whom sculptors have come for their metal armature irons.

FRAMES WHICH MAY HOLD AN IMMORTAL CANVAS : Green and Stone's shop in the King's Road is as important to artists as a food store. Stone's is famous for its picture-frames, which lie, with planks of wood, all over the workroom and for supplying art materials. Many great names, past and present, have been on the firm's books.

THE CHELSEA POTTERY : Anyone can join as a member to practise ceramics. Some members are here in their workroom, with Mr. David Rawnsley, the director, on right. Promising members are invited to join the pottery's Guild of Ceramic Artists. New talent is always required, for artists combining the media of form and colour are rare.

A SCULPTOR AND HIS WORK : Mr. Peter Lambda has a studio crowded with his work. Among his busts and figures here are Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Sir John Gielgud as Romeo, and Stalin. Mr. Lambda's bust of the late Sir Charles Cochran is in the foyer of the Adelphi Theatre.

CHELSEA RELAXES : *Above*—A group in the Bohemian but exclusive Gateways Club. *Right*—The Cross Keys, behind Cheyne Walk, is a haunt of artists and known far outside its locality. Extreme right is the author of this article, who is a leading art critic.

CAFÉ SOCIETY : The Fantasia is one of the gay cafés in the King's Road, where many inhabitants gather under soft lights in the evening.

A STREET SCENE : King's Road on Saturday morning is always busy. In contrast with many other districts of London, passers-by in the main streets of Chelsea often greet each other. Not a few shopkeepers are ready to give extended credit to struggling artists, and have considerable knowledge of the arts themselves. It is difficult to separate the artists from the other inhabitants, because beards have long ceased to be an artistic prerogative. In the far distance on the right is the Chelsea Palace.

On left—

DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT : The setting of the Blue Cockatoo Restaurant in Cheyne Walk could not be bettered. After dark, candles light the oak-panelled rooms, which are hung with carefully selected pictures. During the day and on summer evenings patrons can look over to the river and Albert Bridge.

id organiser of the Chelsea Arts Ball, the recipient of quests for tickets from all over the world for this nnual masquerade in the Albert Hall.

Charles Keene, that Victorian whose pensive features nd straggling, pointed beard appear in more than one f his *Punch* drawings, is perhaps the most endearing nade that haunts the King's Road (where he lived at o. 239); but after passing the World's End old asso-ations dwindle, and the buildings and warehouses ecome nondescript. Yet there, at the dreary end of idema Road, rise the chimneys of Lots Road Power ation—unthinkable outside Chelsea, since those smoky olumns are part of her skyline—and presently, near the mp of the bridge, you discover the last outpost of her ristic colony. "The Railway Accident," they call it ally, this huddle of queer old studios by the railway-e where Jacob Epstein once had his being.

Here Fulham begins, so we might stroll down now the river and work our way back eastward along the mbankment to Chelsea Bridge. But first let us pause y the bus-stop and glance at these wrought-iron gates utside the brewery, all that survive of the gardens of remorne. The beautiful name conjures up a wavering rket in the blue twilight of a Whistler canvas; and ded from 1845 the programme included fireworks, ncerts, balloon ascents and galas that sought to mulate the gaiety of Ranelagh in the previous century. ut Cremorne attracted a rowdier element, and after ly thirty years was closed as a nuisance to the neigh-rhood, leaving memories of its coloured lamps, its rnamental pavilion and grottoes that seem more lamorous in retrospect, anticipating the glitter of the esent Festival Gardens across the water in Battersea.

From Cremorne, along the bankside to Battersea idge and beyond, stretches Cheyne Walk that still ssesses the most gracious frontages in Chelsea. If one nds in the middle of Battersea Bridge, surveying the verside as far upstream as Lots Road Power Station, e prospect unfolds like a Canaletto canvas.

A tug and barges glide suddenly from beneath one's t, out into the milky tideway spangled with diamonds f light, bound for the wharves of Putney. Presently, e eye begins to pick out the historic houses in Cheyne alk—first, Turner's cottage, where, on that final day 1851, "his landlady wheeled his chair to the window, enable him to look upon the sunshine in which he lighted so much, mantling the river and illuminating e sails of the passing boats." Though he had several elsea homes, it is in Cheyne Walk, especially, that one nks of Whistler, in his studio overlooking the old ooden bridge; and it was at No. 109 that Philip Wilson ver settled, guarded by Mrs. Raynes—his portrait of r is in the Tate—that excellent housekeeper who, hen complimented on a pudding, remarked memorably, "There 's art in everythink, even in painting pictures."

Mr. Bool, whom we have mentioned, can just remem-er the wooden piers of old Battersea Bridge, and mbing, as a small boy, into the skiffs tethered by every et of stairs along this river-bank. (Sixpence an hour as the fee; and in his hall are framed the faded three-enny tickets bought at every lock up to Oxford.) here the house-boats are now moored, Mr. Bool emembers an ancient jetty where barges unloaded coal, nd Walter Greaves, the waterman and "primitive" rtist, made his curiously beautiful paintings of Battersea ridge. Thomas Carlyle, who rented a house in Cheyne ow for £35 a year, and Leigh Hunt, who rejoiced in e street cry, "Shrimps as large as prawns!", had en familiar figures somewhat earlier—but riverward helsea is, in truth, peopled with legendary shades.

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THE VILLAGE BY THE RIVER

WORKERS' FLATS : Through an archway in the King's Road are the Chelsea Park Dwellings. The plaque on the wall commemorates Kate, Lady Courtney, one of their founders. There are a number of private trust estates in Chelsea, as well as numerous modern blocks built by the Borough authorities.

On right—

RESIDENTIAL CHELSEA : The houses of Upper Cheyne Row are typical of many in the attractive side-streets of Chelsea. Houses are small, with gaily-painted doors and windows. In most of them live professional or business men and women.

AN ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO : Mr. Clifford Hall, R.O.I., is finishing his portrait of Lady St. Davids, who is posed on the throne. Mr. Hall's work can be seen in most of the important exhibitions. His paintings are in galleries in England, Australia and America.

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY : Saltero's, in Cheyne Walk, was a coffee-house in the late seventeenth century, opened by Salter, a servant of Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum. The coffee-house was a rendezvous for literary men. Now a private residence, it has been rebuilt.

THE STREET WHICH IS NEVER DULL : There is always something to look at in King's Road. Many shopkeepers display some of their wares outside under brightly-coloured awnings.

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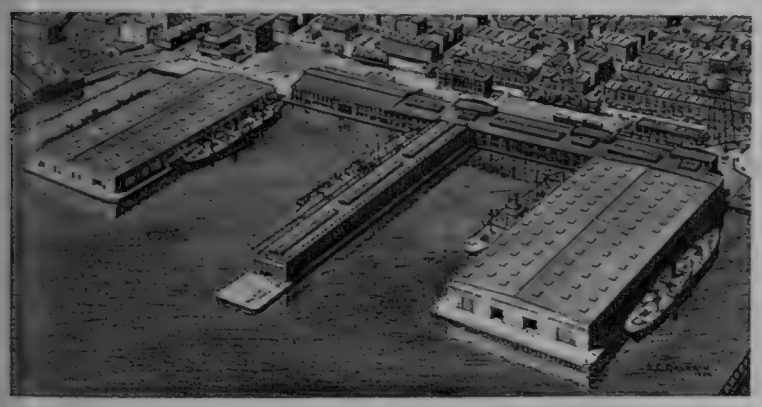
It is still a vivid remembrance, the memory of a fierce glare on April 17, 1941, that oppresses the mind as one nears the remnant of Chelsea's Old Church further along Cheyne Walk. Fortunately, the More Chapel survived intact, with the sixteenth-century altar tomb of Sir Thomas More. One beneficial effect, at least, of that raid has been to revive interest in St. Luke's Church (on the further side of the King's Road), a finely-proportioned building in the Perpendicular style of 1820. No tears need be shed over the bombed site near the Old Church, for it was a daunting terrace that arose in 1929 over demolished Lombard Terrace, that "most beautiful corner of Old Chelsea," in Orpen's words. Near at hand, Carlyle Mansions, to-day the refuge of Mr. T. S. Eliot, was also the last home of Henry James. As he lay dying, in 1916, Edmund Gosse approached the bed and whispered, "Henry, they've given you the O.M." There was no sign from Henry James, but when his visitor had gone, he said cheerfully enough to the nurse: "Nurse, take away the candle and spare my blushes." Affecting words from the writer whose labyrinthine style can still enthral the common reader.

Indeed, that murmured sentence was repeated only the other day at one of those little parties in Chelsea where civilised talk is natural and expected. Any representative gathering near the riverside might include John Davenport, that unmistakably ample, urbane and swaddled figure (the proof of some article on Norman Douglas protruding from his outer covering), with Terence Kilmartin, the Literary Editor of *The Observer*, a poet, perhaps, and some young sculptor, and very probably a neighbouring painter such as John Minton or Rodrigo Moynihan. Only a stone's-throw from that handsome red house in Cheyne Walk, where ninety years ago Rossetti held pre-Raphaelite evening parties, the conversation might comfortably turn on abstract painting, the ambiguities of Michael Tippett's libretto, or a current Continental film.

As dusk descends, we have time only to glimpse a little of what remains to be explored around the eastern end of Chelsea's Embankment—the Physic Garden contemplated by Rysbrack's statue of Sir Hans Sloane, Wren's Royal Hospital with its spacious grounds and immemorial Pensioners, and, beyond again, Ranelagh, whose long-vanished Rotunda and fashionable diversions disappointed Horace Walpole and delighted Johnson. Here fittingly, by Chelsea Bridge, we might end our journey. "And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night" . . . At this magical hour we can never quite forget that the Chelsea riverside is still Whistler's own.

THE FIRST STAGE IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DOCKS AT HOBOKEN: An aerial view of the Hoboken Port Authority piers, with (in the foreground) the new single-deck cargo pier which came into operation last week. Across the Hudson River can be seen part of the Manhattan skyline. *Below, left*—An artist's impression of the complete £5,000,000 pier development which the New York Port Authority will be providing for the American Export Lines in the next two years. At left is the pier already in operation; the other large pier at right will replace existing piers, and the pier in the centre will have been modernised.



NEW PIERS AT NEW YORK

At Hoboken, New Jersey, the Opening of a Large New Pier Marks the First Stage of a £5,000,000 Scheme to Improve the Dockyard Facilities in an Important Section of America's Largest Port

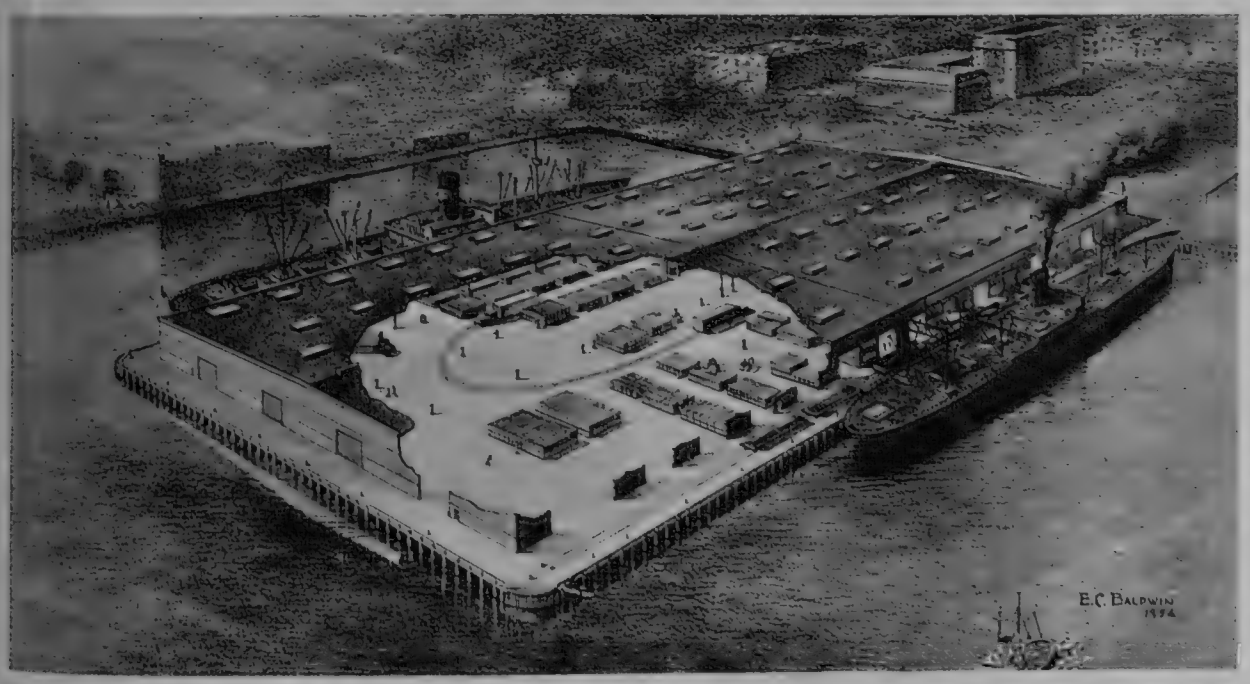
For the first time for twenty-five years a great new pier was put into operation last week at Hoboken, New Jersey. This city, reputed to be the most densely populated in the United States, faces Manhattan Island and New York City across the Hudson River, and its docks have always been among the most important on the east coast. The opening of the new pier last week marked the beginning of a £5,000,000 project which involves the building of two large new piers and the enlargement and modernisation of one existing pier. The three piers will be occupied by American Export Lines, who have taken a fifteen-year lease on them from the New York port authorities. The shipping line will use the new facilities at Hoboken for its four "Ace" passenger-cargo vessels and its fleet of twenty-four cargo vessels which make about 150 foreign voyages from the port of New York in the course of a year.

One of the immediate results of the tenancy of American Export Lines will be the increased employment which it will bring to Hoboken. The shipping line will employ 975 persons, and its total annual pay-roll will be nearly four times as large as last year's. Similarly, the new terminal is expected to handle about 800,000 tons of cargo a year, as compared with last year's total of 189,999 tons on the Hoboken Port Authority piers, which American Export Lines are replacing.

The two new piers will be the widest in the port of New York. Pier "C," which is now in operation, is 700 ft. long and 328 ft. wide, and cost about £2,100,000. Pier "A" will be of similar size, and work on it will begin next month. Pier "C" has an apron 25 ft. wide, with a single railway track for direct ship-to-rail loading.

Apart from the two new piers, the existing Pier 3, standing next to the new Pier "C," will be modernised. The aprons on each side will be widened to give the pier a total width of 103 ft. In addition, the pier will include first-class passenger accommodation on its upper deck and up-to-date cargo facilities below.

The Hoboken piers are being constructed and improved by the Port Authority under a fifty-year lease signed in September 1952 with the United States Maritime Administration and the city of Hoboken. At its option, the Port Authority may eventually build a third new pier to replace the modernised Pier "B." This would increase the Hoboken investment to £7,500,000 and extend the lease for an additional fifty years.



THE WIDEST PIER IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK: A cut-away view of the new Hoboken pier which came into use at the beginning of the month. It is 700 ft. long, 328 ft. wide, and has a covered area of 192,440 sq. ft. In the centre of the pier is a loop traffic lane which enables lorries to enter and leave the pier without having to turn round.

THE RECURRING MIRACLE

The Annual Return of Migrating Birds to this Country has Now Begun. Despite Many Years of Patient Research, Ornithologists have Much to Learn About this Phenomenon

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ALL over Britain, from about the end of the first week in March onwards, bird-lovers in their hundreds watch and listen for the first of the returning migrants. Before the war one of the weekly magazines used to publish lists of these records. There was considerable competition to be the first to record a particular species—swallow, or wheatear, or chiff-chaff, or cuckoo—and a sort of subsidiary competition to be the first to record these and other species in any particular neighbourhood. Few, if any, of the people who sent in these records would have dreamed of calling themselves ornithologists. They were just enthusiastic amateurs. Many of them, I remember, were retired Service people. It was a popular pastime, too, with doctors and district nurses—and they were not in the least deterred by the fact that the dates were pretty much the same year after year. Of course, that does not matter. It is the recurring miracle that matters.

To most people migration means, I suppose, the coming of the cuckoo (most early cuckoos, by the way, are small boys) and the swallows in the spring, and the departure of the swallow in the autumn. But everybody knows that there are many other birds that migrate. We know that they come to us in the spring and that they leave us for the winter. Even if our interest is limited to our bird-tables, we miss them when they go and we are pleased when they return, but we do not see them arrive and we do not see them depart. The cuckoo is a bird with a most distinctive note, and one peculiarly associated in the mind of every Englishman with spring. But we do not see the cuckoo arrive; we only hear it after it has done so. We do see the swallows depart, or at least we have all seen them preparing to depart, for the swallow, prior to its departure, has the habit of gathering together in large numbers in conspicuous places. So, for most people, migration is divided into two quite distinct parts—arrival in spring and departure in autumn.

Pictures by Eric Hosking

THE SWALLOW—A POPULAR HARBINGER OF SPRING: This picture shows a swallow feeding its young. It is a well-known fact that British swallows spend their winters in South Africa, but the full migratory habits of many birds, including those of the swallow, are, at the moment, incompletely known by the experts.

It is, of course, much more complicated than that. There are more than 420 birds on the British list (the exact number does not matter: it is more than likely to be different next year) and of these only 133 are resident British birds. All the rest are migratory in some way or another.

Roughly speaking, they can be divided up as follows: 52 summer visitors (that is, birds which come to Britain in the spring or early summer to breed) and two summer visitors, which do not breed, having already done so further south (these two use our summer as their winter, and are really in winter quarters when they are with us); 26 winter visitors (birds that have nested elsewhere—usually much further to the north—and have come here to spend the winter because their nesting area is too inhospitable); about 23 passage migrants (birds that are merely passing through on their way from summer to winter quarters and vice versa); rather more than 100 irregular visitors (birds which have been recorded a good many times, but which appear to be wanderers from their normal routes and stopping places); rather more than 60 birds which have been recorded about a dozen times each, but not often enough to qualify for the title of "irregular visitor"; and about 30 birds which have been recorded reliably (unfortunately, a really reliable record usually means a dead bird) on one occasion only. Even these very broad divisions are quite arbitrary. Some of our summer visitors (notably the chiff-chaff and the blackcap) also spend the winter here sometimes, and may, perhaps, do so regularly in the extreme south-west.

"Arrival in spring, departure in autumn," covers but a small portion of our migratory birds. The fact is that, so far as the British Isles are concerned, the season of migration opens about the end of June and ends about the second week in May. Even that—say, ten months out of the twelve—does not really cover it, for somewhere in the British Isles, there is some migration, passage or otherwise, going on all the while. What we witness now in March, is not, as is commonly thought, the beginning of a great movement, but the end of it. The birds that begin to come in in March are coming home. This is the end of a journey that began last July or August.

In spring, migration happens and is over almost before we are aware of it at all. Mainly this is because the birds do the last stage of their long journey overnight, and they are with us—and perhaps even singing—before we have really had time to think about it, let alone notice them. Those that are on their way further north are in such a hurry, pausing to eat and not to sing, that mostly we do not notice them at all. Similarly, with the beginning of migration at summer's end, the birds have, for the most part, stopped singing and one day—and probably several days after they have actually departed—we realise that they have gone. But this late summer movement lacks the urgency of spring. It is altogether more leisurely, and so, if we do keep our eyes open, we see parties of birds passing through the neighbourhood; swallows from the far north on the telegraph wires long after our own swallows have left, for example. We may see the passage migrants. But, no matter what we may see, we do not see the one-thousandth part of migration. We know the immensity of it only by what we do not see.

Inevitably, this has led to some deep-rooted, but quite inaccurate, ideas. Everybody knows that many of our British swallows spend the winter in South Africa. Indeed, I think that the average man, if he thinks about it at all, believes that all British swallows do so. And it is commonly believed that this long journey is accomplished in one or two hops (perhaps only one hop), at a great height and at a great speed. Beliefs such as this can be traced directly to a German ornithologist, Gätke, who worked on Heligoland, and who wrote something like a best-seller on migration. Gätke's enthusiasm sometimes ran away with him.

To-day, we know that most bird migration is a purposeful, rather than a hurried, business: that the flights are not long, are not fast, and are not conducted at any great height.

There are exceptions, of course. The American golden plover, for example, at the start of its migration (that is, in the autumn) leaves the coast of Nova Scotia and flies across the Atlantic to South America. This is an ocean flight of some 2,000 miles, and though some of the birds may stop at Bermuda or the Bahamas, by no means all do so. Even more remarkable is the outward migration (and, for that matter, also the return) of the Pacific golden plover, which breeds in Alaska and north-eastern Siberia and is a regular winter visitor to the Hawaiian Islands. No matter by what route they travel, this means a non-stop journey of at least 2,000 miles across open ocean.

But these are exceptions. None of our normal summer visitors do anything like that. Chiff-chaffs, willow-warblers, cuckoos, redstarts, yellow wagtails, red-backed shrikes and many more may fly some 2,000 miles on their return journey in the spring, but they take their time about it. We do not know how long the whole journey takes, because in the parts of Africa where they spend our winter there are not many people sufficiently interested to record arrivals and departures. But for most of our summer visitors we know the approximate date when they reach Europe, and from then on we can follow their progress home. This has been done very carefully by H. N. Southern, who has compiled some most valuable and interesting maps.

Mr. Southern's maps of Europe are crossed by two sets of lines: a dotted line showing the position of the 48 deg. Fah. isotherm at various dates, and a thick line showing the position of the main body of the migration at the same dates. There are maps for various species. In each species the lines agree very well. In each species it is noticeable that the arrival of the birds, by latitude, is a little earlier on the western seaboard of Europe (where, of course, the seasons are earlier) than on the eastern mainland, but that the birds spread more quickly in eastern Europe, where spring comes with a rush.

Using these maps, we can work out very accurately the rate of advance of the various species. The willow-warbler, for example, reaches Gibraltar about March 5, and the very northern tip of Norway about June 1. That is a distance of approximately 2,500 miles in 88 days, or an average of 29 miles a day. The swallow is slower. It reaches Gibraltar about February 13 and northern Norway about June 2, which gives an average of 23 miles a day. The wood-warbler averages about 22 miles a day, the redstart about 32 miles a day, and the red-backed shrike about 55 miles a day.

Obviously, it is quite wrong to speak of the "rush" of migratory birds in spring. The whole business is leisurely. There is really no heavy demand on the bird's physique.

Of course, there are "rushes." Probably (I am aware that this is a matter for argument) birds normally migrate on a broad, rather than on a narrow front. But at certain points this broad front is canalised—at short sea-crossings, islands, oases, and so forth—and then the watcher is suddenly made aware of a vast number of birds all at once, and the next day they are gone. The illusion of great speed has, however, been left. Such situations give a marvellous glimpse of a great phenomenon, but it is no more than a glimpse, and a glimpse that can easily lead the observer astray, as it led Gätke astray on Heligoland.

Much careful observation, ringing and record-keeping have told us a great deal about migration. But there is yet much to be discovered, and much that, in all probability, will never be discovered. Among the latter is the original cause or causes of migration. All sorts of intriguing theories have been advanced, but theories they remain. None is wholly satisfactory.

I think, too, that we shall never discover how it is that birds find their way—not only from England to Africa and back again, but from one particular wood or barn in England to Africa and back to that one wood or barn. One can talk about a "sense of direction," "terrestrial magnetism," "orientation," from now until Doomsday, but we get no nearer the truth.

It has been said that the cause of migration in birds—at least in adults—is linked closely with the development of the sex organs. That may be so—though I wonder if the sex organs of the swallow in South Africa on the day it first starts to move northwards have begun to develop?—but, even if it is so, it does not explain the "homing" ability. Nor does it account for the autumn migrations, and those migrations in which the birds of the year, the young birds, leave singly. Swallows leave all together, and it is possible that the old birds guide the young Cuckoos leave singly. What is it that prompts a young cuckoo, born in England and reared by a resident British bird, to leave for Africa? And how, does it find its way?

THE CUCKOO—ANOTHER BIRD WHOSE ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY SIGNIFIES THE SPRING: There is always considerable competition to hear the "first cuckoo."

Many other creatures migrate and others have this homing ability. It seems to me, birds have this ability no better developed, and, indeed, not as well developed, as some other creatures—the salmon and the eel and the domestic cat, for example. How is it that the salmon returns to its home river to spawn? This, surely—and the journeys of the eels from the Sargasso Sea to some European pond and back again are more wonderful even than the journey of the young cuckoo.

Nor must we forget the domestic cat. How does a cat, taken from its home in Cornwall by train via London to a village in Kent, find its way back to its old home in Cornwall? There have been many such instances of long journeys over unknown country with the domestic cat—sufficient for us to be able to say that the homing cat travels at about three miles a day—but no explanation for any one of them.

Despite all the theories, and all the careful watchings, and all the books, and all the scientists, "there are more things . . ." It is of some comfort in this harsh scientific age to be made aware in such simple ways of Providence.

THE TREASURES AT KINGSTON LACY

One of the Finest Private Art Collections in the Country will be on View to the Public this Summer in the Dorset Country House, which now Receives a Ministry of Works Grant

Earlier this year it was announced that a grant had been made by the Ministry of Works towards the cost of repairs to Kingston Lacy House, near Wimborne, in Dorset. This fine mansion has already been open to the public during the summer in previous years, and no one who has been there is likely to forget the magnificent collection of pictures gathered in this English country house.

In the saloon, with its rich furnishings, some of which date back to the sixteenth century, are to be seen some of the finest works of the great Masters. Dutch and Flemish painters are represented by Rubens, Van Dyck, Frans Hals and Rembrandt. The English portrait painters by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney and Lely. From Italy come the "Virgin and Child," by Raphael, a Titian "Venus," and Giorgione's "Judgement of Solomon." But perhaps the pride of Kingston Lacy is the Spanish Room, where the works of the great Spanish Masters hold sway. Here is a portrait of Philip IV by Velazquez; the "Beggar Boys" and other works by Murillo; "St. Augustine" by Spagnoletto; a "Virgin and Child" by Ribalta; and works of Morales and Zurbaran.

The magnificent grounds of Kingston Lacy are in keeping with the house and its interior. Particularly remarkable are the large Egyptian sarcophagus, and the imposing granite obelisk, which comes from the island of Philae. The site for this was chosen by the great Duke of Wellington, who laid the foundation-stone and also planted a cedar of Lebanon on the lawn.

The Manor of Kingston Lacy takes its name from the de Lacy family, Earls of Lincoln. It later passed into Royal hands as part of the Duchy of Lancaster. James I granted the manor to Charles Blount, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and from him it passed to Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport. But for many generations now, Kingston Lacy has belonged to the Bankes family, for it was purchased from Mountjoy Blount by Sir John Bankes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

A few years before the Civil War broke out, Sir John purchased Corfe Castle from the widow of Sir Edward Coke. Here Lady Bankes resided, and here she heroically held the fortress over a period of three years against the Parliamentary forces. In honour of her bravery, the keys were returned to Lady Bankes and are still in the family's possession.

Sir John meanwhile had been detained in immediate attendance upon his sovereign, Charles I, at York and at Oxford, and it was at Oxford that he died in 1644. At the Restoration, Sir Ralph Bankes, then the head of the family, set to work to build a new country house, as Corfe Castle had been reduced to ruins by order of Parliament. He chose for his site one where traditionally a palace of the West Saxon Kings had stood, at Kingston Lacy.

The building of Kingston Lacy House was begun in April 1660, the architect being Sir Roger Pratt, who supervised the whole of the building operations. Since the destruction by fire of Coleshill, Berkshire, which was designed by the same architect, Kingston Lacy is the only surviving building of Sir Roger Pratt.

A MANSION RENOWNED FOR ITS WORKS OF ART: The saloon of Kingston Lacy House, two storeys in height. The panels of the pair of doors leading to the drawing-room came from the Hall of the Vatican. Among the many valuable works of art in this room are two panels by Grinling Gibbons and paintings by Rubens, Van Dyck, Raphael, Frans Hals, Titian and Rembrandt.

THE SPANISH ROOM: The exceptionally valuable collection of pictures by Spanish masters is one of the proudest possessions at Kingston Lacy. Among the painters represented in the room are Velazquez, Spagnoletto, Murillo, Ribalta and Zurbaran.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE HOUSE WHICH GREET THE VISITOR: The imposing main entrance hall of Kingston Lacy House, adorned with hunting trophies and a bust of Sir John Bankes, who purchased Kingston Lacy early in the seventeenth century. Ever since then the house has remained in the hands of the Bankes family. *On right*—The east and north fronts. The house was built in 1663 by Sir Ralph Bankes from designs by Roger Pratt. It will be open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.

A MASTERPIECE OF CARRARA MARBLE: Measurements of each stair of this richly carved and decorated staircase were sent to Italy, and the stone was cut accordingly.

THE LIBRARY: Above the bookcases hang a number of family portraits and other notable pictures. Some of the family portraits are the work of Sir Peter Lely, who often stayed in the house while working on them. The very fine grounds of Kingston Lacy House include an imposing obelisk, the site of which was chosen by the great Duke of Wellington.

IDEAL HOMES AND GARDENS

Some Aspects of the Exhibition Now Open at Olympia in London

AN IDEAL GARDEN AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA : This is a formal garden lay-out devised by the Winkfield Manor Nurseries, of Ascot. It features shrubbery, rose trees, bushes and spring flowers. As in previous years, this section is proving a great attraction at the exhibition, which is open until March 26.

THE QUEEN PAYS A VISIT : Queen Elizabeth is seen at the Australian stand, where she displayed interest in some of the tinned foods on show. The Duke of Edinburgh accompanied the Queen on her tour.

A GARDEN FOR THE CARNATION-LOVER : This is a lay-out by Allwood Brothers, of the Wivelsfield Nurseries, Haywards Heath, Sussex. This firm specialises in carnations, and visitors to the exhibition are invited to seek the advice of the experts.

Since 1908, when the Ideal Home Exhibition was first held, the gardens section has always been of great interest. This year is no exception, and in keeping with busy modern times, most of the gardens are designed to give the maximum of display in the minimum of space with an economy of effort. An interesting new-comer to this section is the *Daily Mail* Kitchen Garden, where experts, with the aid of modern scientific equipment, have brought to maturity fruits and vegetables which would not normally reach this condition until June. Thousands of seedlings had to be raised under glass to provide the relays needed throughout the month of the show. Other gardens range from a formal lay-out for a Georgian terrace, to a modern garden with a bathing pool. Throughout the exhibition, two quintets, under the direction of Sidney Lipton, provide music.

In the other sections, the Ideal Home Exhibition lives up to the tradition it has created through nearly fifty years. For the women visitors there is the first unrestricted display of nylon stockings to be held since the end of the war, and with the ending of food rationing, the Cookery theatres have taken on a new meaning. The "Do It Yourself" section will give visitors invaluable hints from how to make a door draught-proof, to how to make one's own jewellery. The housing section, which this year is called "The Village on the Hill," contains the widest selection of dwellings to be shown at Olympia during recent years.

THE MODERN TREND IN GARDEN DESIGN : A pool large enough for bathing, a smooth lawn and informal groups of shrubs and bulbs feature in this garden, which is intended primarily as a place for relaxation. The design is by Garden Landscapes, of Kensington.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES' GARDEN : It is designed as the extension from the terrace of a Georgian house, and demonstrates the way in which a small area of land can be planted with a wide variety of plants and shrubs.

THE REGENCY TERRACE IN THE NATIONAL HALL AT OLYMPIA: Large balloons decorate the ceiling and an orchestra plays on the balcony in the centre. Elsewhere, a huge canvas shows scenes of Regency everyday life. The housing section of the Ideal Home Exhibition has been given the title, "The Village on the Hill," and it includes a very large variety of houses, flats, bungalows and shops.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURE FOR THE BULB ENTHUSIAST: An "all-season" garden which includes freesia, roses, gladioli, daffodils and hyacinths. It is by Jacques Amand, of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire.

PLEASANT CORNER IN THE GARDENS OF MUSIC AT OLYMPIA: A rock and winter garden by Fitzpatrick and Son, of Bow, London. Shown in this picture is a rock-built crofter's shelter which has been converted into a cool and shady summer-house.

A ROSE TEMPLE GARDEN IN AN OLD BRICK WALL: Through the door, seen in the picture, is a very pleasant avenue of trees. This is one of the two gardens exhibited by Wells, of Merstham, in Surrey.

THEATRE NEWS

From Outside London come Pictures of Premières in Dublin and Edinburgh, and Preparations at the Salisbury Playhouse

"THE BISHOP'S BONFIRE" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN: Sean O'Casey's new play had its première last week. In this scene are Cyril Cusack as The Codger and Patrick Layde as Father Boheroe, a priest who advises a young girl who has taken a vow of chastity to ask the Bishop to absolve her from this undertaking. The Codger, a characteristic O'Casey character, has the part of a sort of chorus. The play is a mixture of comedy and tragedy, although the climax, in which the girl shoots her lover, is regarded by some as descending into melodrama.

THE PRODUCER: Tyrone Guthrie straightens the tie of Tony Quinn, in the role of Richard Rankin, between the acts. On the left is Sheila Brennan, who plays Foorawn, the tragically misunderstood heroine.

THE AUTHOR STAYED AT HOME: Mr. Sean O'Casey, who is aged seventy, did not go to Dublin for the first night. He remained at his home in Totnes, in Devonshire.

The Irish drama tends to have a provincial limitation, as opposed to the Greek, which applies universally. Even Mr. Sean O'Casey cannot entirely free himself from these bonds. In the priest-ridden, landlord-controlled community in which *The Bishop's Bonfire* is set, it is not always easy to see the broader implications of the author's philosophy. This is that man, being free, should break through the fears and superstitions he has imposed on himself.

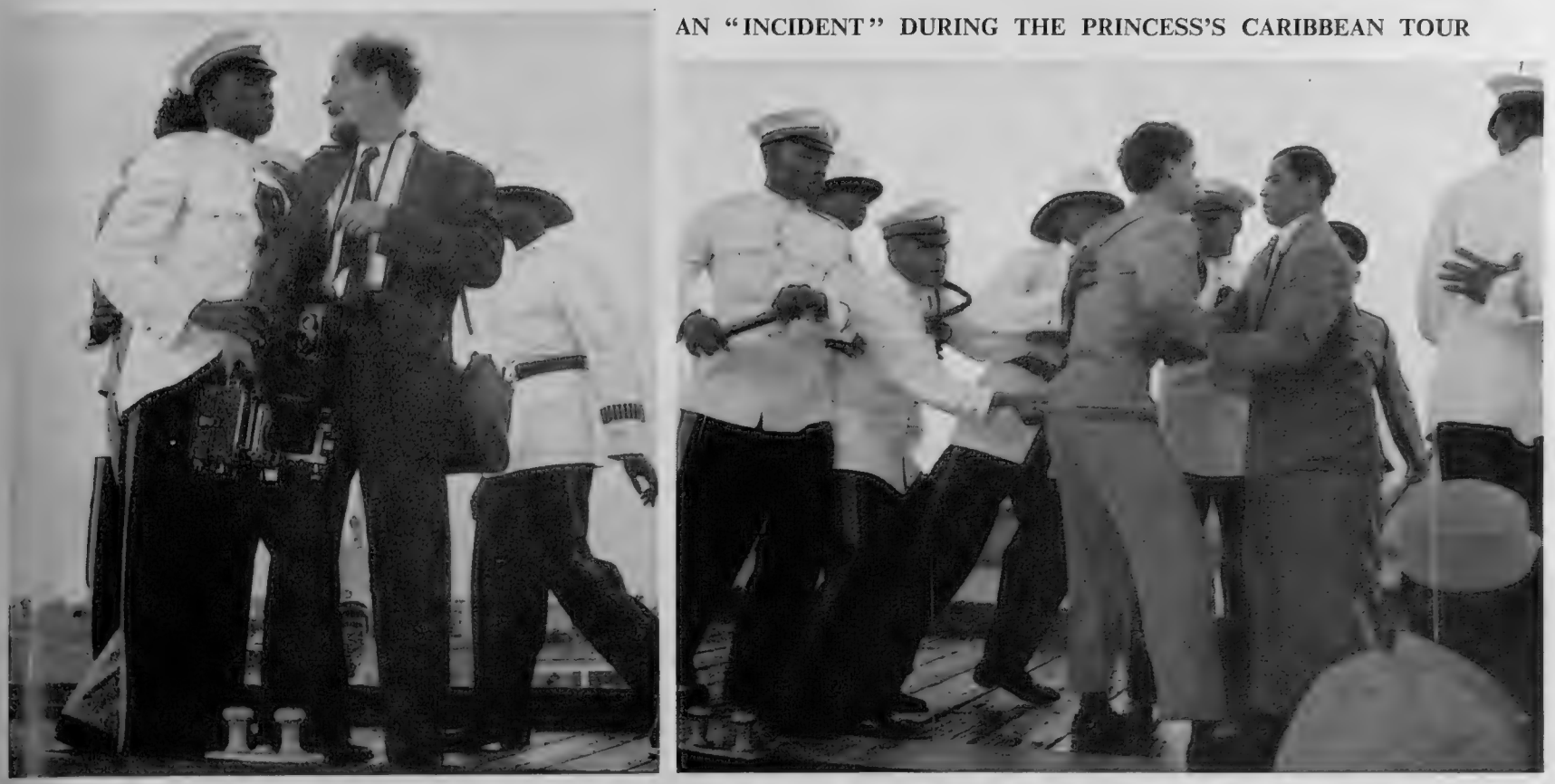
But it is a play by a dramatist of genius and infinitely more worth seeing than most creations from contemporary pens. The author of *Juno and the Paycock* has certainly enhanced his already great reputation. *The Bishop's Bonfire* is part-comedy and part-tragedy. The preparations for the Bishop's Visit are scathingly comic. The tragedy is in the girl afraid to break her self-imposed vow of chastity and in the well-meaning young priest, who gives her inexpert advice. A brilliant cast, finely directed by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, deserve all the praise they have received.

THE AUTHOR'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT "THE BISHOP'S BONFIRE": At the Gaiety Theatre are, from the left, Dr. Madeline Epstein, Mrs. O'Casey, her daughter, Miss Sivaun O'Casey, and Mr. Felix Hughes, at the first night. There had not been an O'Casey première in Ireland since 1926.

MARGARET RAWLINGS TO APPEAR AT SALISBURY: The repertory company at the Playhouse, in Salisbury, is preparing for its production of Christopher Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough*, opening on March 21. It will be an unusually important occasion in the many important productions of this well-established repertory theatre, because Miss Margaret Rawlings is to play the Countess. She is seen here with Ronald Allen, as Gettner, in the costumes specially designed by Kate Servian, the Company's resident designer. Nowadays, Miss Rawlings's stage appearances are all too few. At Salisbury she will find the "Rep," under Richard Scott, has enthusiastic local support.

A PREMIÈRE AT EDINBURGH: Eva Bartok, Helen Haye and Sam Wanamaker in *The Lovers*, at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh. The play is Marcelle-Maurette's dramatisation of Zola's early novel, *Thérèse Raquin*. The English version, by Juliet Mansel and Robin King, was given its first British performance at Edinburgh. This was the opening of its provincial tour prior to its London production. *The Lovers* can be seen this week at the Royal Court Theatre in Liverpool. Its circuit will continue through Manchester, Nottingham, Birmingham, Coventry and Bournemouth. This is Miss Bartok's first appearance on the British stage. She began her theatrical career at the National Theatre in Budapest.

AN "INCIDENT" DURING THE PRINCESS'S CARIBBEAN TOUR



"OVER-ZEALOUS ACTION" BY THE POLICE AGAINST TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS AT NASSAU: David Johnson (*left*), of the *Daily Sketch*, and Jean Pierre Pettrozzini (*right*), of the *Paris-Match*, are seized by police after jumping from a Press boat to the dock where Princess Margaret was about to land from a launch after attending a regatta. The police struggled with the two men, despite the fact that they were accredited photographers, and Mr. Johnson was hit during the scuffle; M. Pettrozzini had his suit torn and his camera smashed. Two aides from the Princess's launch jumped ashore and intervened and the two men were then allowed to rejoin the other photographers. Mr. Johnson later said that having jumped from their own launch it was impossible to get back. A statement issued by the Earl of Ranfurly, Governor of the Bahamas, stated that the Governor "had personally expressed regret to the cameramen concerned," and that the police having been taken unawares, "took over-zealous action to clear the landing space." Both men met Lord Ranfurly at his Residence and accepted his apology.

FOUR JAPANESE HEAR OF THE WAR'S END

FOUR JAPANESE AIRMEN GO HOME TO JAPAN AFTER HEARING THE NEWS ABOUT THEIR DEFEATED COUNTRY: They are seen at Hollandia, in Dutch New Guinea, before leaving on the first stage of the journey.

Four Japanese airmen who took part in the invasion of New Guinea, and who had hidden in the jungle since 1944, have recently heard of their country's defeat in the Second World War. According to their leader, Simada, the airmen arrived at Rabaul from Manchuria early in 1943, and were soon afterwards transferred to Wewak and then ordered to Hollandia. They arrived at Aitape on a march to Hollandia two days before the American landing. Twenty-eight men were swept away and drowned during the march. The remainder (twelve) reached Vanimo, where they heard that Hollandia had been captured. Eight more men died from disease and the remaining four went into the jungle and lived with the natives. They refused to believe that their country had been defeated, but accepted the fact after hearing garbled reports about a "terrific explosion" in Japan. The men then trekked to Hollandia and were arrested.

LAST INTERVIEWS AT HOLLANDIA: The men had refused to believe that their country had been defeated and had hoped for rescue by the Japanese Navy. They had hidden in the jungle since 1944.

ERUPTIONS ON THE EAST COAST OF HAWAII

A CRACK IN A ROAD CAUSED BY A VOLCANIC OUTBURST NEAR THE HAWAIIAN VILLAGE OF KAPOHO: The fissure occurred at the turn of the month and caused the destruction of several houses. Inhabitants of the village of Kapoho were evacuated when an advancing lava stream approached their homes. *On left*—An aerial view which shows the effects of several eruptions. At extreme left is the first eruption (February 28), with flames and smoke coming from the ground. In centre and extreme right is a lava flow which started on March 2. What could be taken for a bomb burst (upper right) is described as a lava fountain. Lava streams burned their way through sugar cane and coffee lands. Kapoho was destroyed by an earthquake in 1924.

THE RETURN OF PRINCESS MARGARET

At the End of Her Month-long Tour of the British West Indies, Her Royal Highness is Welcomed Home at London Airport by the Queen and Other Members of the Royal Family

AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS MARGARET AT LONDON AIRPORT : The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and their children, Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, and Princess Anne, are seen on the roof of the Royal lounge as they awaited the arrival of Princess Margaret in the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser "Canopus." Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is seen standing in the doorway. Members of the Royal Family greeted Princess Margaret in the plane.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN LOOK ANXIOUSLY FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR AUNT'S PLANE : They are accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Miles Thomas (Chairman of B.O.A.C.) as they take stock of the airport's surroundings.

Princess Margaret came home to London last week after her month-long tour of the British West Indies, and was greeted at the airport by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, as well as by Ministers, officials and a crowd of enthusiastic spectators. She had flown in the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser "Canopus" from Nassau, in the Bahamas, stopping en route for a short while at Bermuda. It was an informal reception, with the Queen's children taking a great interest in the proceedings and in the normal activities of the airport.

The Princess's month-long tour began at Trinidad on February 4, when she arrived by air at Port of Spain, the capital of a colony "whose population is more cosmopolitan than that of any other colony in the British Empire." After five days in Trinidad Princess Margaret journeyed on to Tobago, where she joined the Royal Yacht *Britannia* for the first stage of her cruise through the Caribbean to the Bahamas.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WALK OUT TO THE "CANOPUS" : While Prince Charles discusses the red rubber strip specially laid across the grass, the Queen looks ahead towards the stationary plane. When they went aboard the plane the two children were taken on a tour of inspection which included a visit to the pilots' cabin.

PRINCESS MARGARET SAYS GOOD-BYE TO THE CREW OF "CANOPUS" : She is seen shaking hands with Captain P. C. Fair when she said good-bye to the crew, who were standing under the port wing of the plane. Both Prince Charles and Princess Anne followed their Aunt along the line and shook hands with the crew members.

THE PRINCESS LEADS THE WAY FROM THE PLANE: Walking with the Queen and the Queen Mother is Air Marshal Sir John D'Albiac, Commandant of the Airport. The red rubber strip is lined by a double row of tubs of spring flowers. A great crowd at the Airport cheered the Princess as she left the plane, to be greeted by Ministers and other officials assembled at the foot of the gangway. Among those present were Lord Latham (Her Majesty's Lieutenant for the County of Middlesex); Major Lloyd-George (Home Secretary); Mr. Lennox-Boyd (Colonial Secretary) and Mr. Boyd-Carpenter (Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation).

On left—

THE DRIVE THROUGH CHEERING CROWDS TO CLARENCE HOUSE: Princess Margaret and her mother drove direct from the Airport to Clarence House and were cheered by people at many points along the route. Outside Clarence House the welcoming crowd which had awaited the Princess's arrival there, stood four and five deep. Later, the Princess and the Queen Mother drove out to Buckingham Palace for luncheon with the Queen.

THE ST. DAVID'S DAY PARADE BY THE WELSH GUARDS AT CATERHAM BARRACKS: The Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel of the Regiment, handing the traditional leeks to officers. The Duke travelled to Caterham by helicopter and attended the St. David's Day service at the depot chapel. After the service, serving Guardsmen and former Guardsmen paraded on the square to receive their leeks. While at Caterham Prince Philip presented Meritorious Service medals to Band Sergeant-Major S. Whitehead, Sergeant J. King, and Sergeant J. Windser.

THE DUKE RECEIVES HIS LEEK ON ST. DAVID'S DAY: Prince Philip stands bareheaded as R.S.M. D. G. Griffiths, Welsh Guards, fixes a leek into his hat.

The Home News in Pictures

ST. DAVID'S DAY AT CATERHAM

AND OTHER PICTURES OF EVENTS IN ENGLAND

AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD SCOTTISH PAINTER HOLDS AN EXHIBITION IN LONDON: Mr. J. D. Fergusson and his wife are looking at one of his earliest pictures, painted in 1898. This and other pictures, including one painted last year, can be seen at the Lefevre Galleries in Bruton Street. The exhibition is open until March 26.

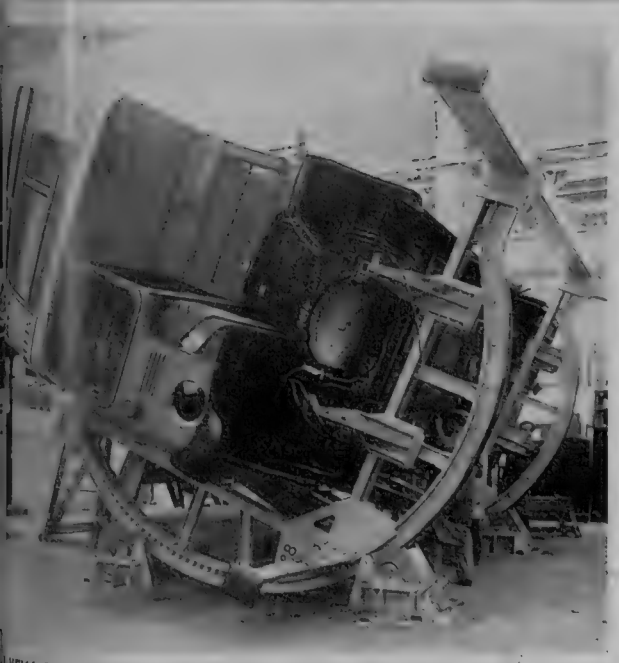
THE CITY OF GLOUCESTER EXPANDS—PART OF THE NEW HOUSING ESTATE NOW BEING BUILT AT WHADDON: This large estate which is being built in what was a small parish will accommodate about 2,000 people when completed. Gloucester's housing situation is, at the moment, extremely urgent. The work is being speeded up by prefabrication and by using shuttering methods. In the latter procedure, large quantities of a special cement mixture are poured into preformed moulds to make the walls of the houses. *On right*—The public house which will serve the new housing estate. This has been called The Jet and Whittle, after the pioneer of the jet engine.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NEW ESTATE AT WHADDON: The estate extends from Whaddon towards Stroud.

NEW CHURCH IN THE EAST END OF LONDON NEARS COMPLETION : The interior of St. Philip's Church at Plaistow. A mission church on this site was bombed. Princess Margaret laid the foundation-stone of the new building last year.

THE PLEASING MODERN LINES OF THE NEW CHURCH : The large relief on the east wall depicting the Crucifixion was carried out by Mr. J. Wedgwood, the Fulham sculptor. Princess Margaret is expected to attend the dedication ceremony of the new church later this month.

On left—
HALF A TANKER LEAVES BELFAST FOR ANTWERP : The after-part of the 20,000-ton Liberian tanker *World Concord*, which broke in two during a storm in the Irish Sea in November last year, is seen leaving Belfast for Antwerp, where it will be joined to the forepart. The tug *Turmoil*, of *Flying Enterprise* fame, and another tug are towing the half-ship. The forepart was travelling to Antwerp from the Clyde.



NEW BUS REPAIR DEPOT FOR LONDON TRANSPORT : A workman is seen servicing the underside of a double-decker at the new depot which has recently been completed at Aldenham, in Hertfordshire. The bus is clasped in a huge clamp which tilts the vehicle to any desired angle. *On right*—A general view of a bay of the body repair shop at Aldenham. These works have been designed to deal with the overhaul and repair of the bodies and chassis of London Transport's 8,000 buses and coaches, and incorporate modern production methods as advanced as any in this country or America. For over 30 years this work was carried out at Chiswick, but because of the rapid post-war expansion of the London bus fleet, it was decided to build the new works.

The Sphere of Travel

PLANNING A HOLIDAY IN TUSCANY

Some Suggestions for a Visit to Florence and Tuscany, an Italian Region which is Rich in History and Art

By GORDON COOPER

IT is with some diffidence that I write of Florence and Tuscany in the confines of a single, short article, for the subject is so vast. Then, in addition, I am also well aware that there must be many readers who possess a far more intimate knowledge of this beloved city and its region than I can hope to have. It is, therefore, mainly for the less well-informed, especially for prospective new-comers, that I now venture to offer some hints and suggestions.

In this present era, when the leisurely travel we once knew is now next to impossible for Britons, it is often a problem to decide whether, in a very limited period of holiday, it is better to make a number of necessarily hurried calls at a number of interesting cities—in Italy this might be Rome, Naples, Perugia, Florence, Siena and Venice—or to utilise the available time in one or other of these centres. It is, indeed, an acute problem in a country where there are so many places of outstanding appeal which all cultured persons long to see. Following the preacher's injunction, "Don't do as I do; do as I tell you," I am myself of the opinion that it is more satisfactory and rewarding to concentrate, in this instance, on Florence and Tuscany, rather than to include them in a longer itinerary. By doing so you will avoid fleeting impressions, and have at least sufficient time to make some discoveries which go below the surface.

I will now offer some suggestions concerning the planning of a holiday in Tuscany, for they may well contribute to the success of a visit. First, I would advise you to time your tour there either in the spring or in the autumn. The countryside is then looking its best, and you will get cooler weather. In mid-summer the land tends to get burnt-up, while the heat can become so oppressive that it limits one's physical endurance for comfortable sightseeing—exhaustion is the bane of enjoyable travel. You may also get exhausted, through lack of sleep, unless you make sure that your hotel bedroom does not face on to a busy street. The noise in all Italian cities is appalling, starting before 5 a.m. and continuing till 2 a.m., and Florence is no exception.

Before visiting Tuscany, you will, of course, want to read about it. Innumerable books have been written on the subject, but two post-war volumes I can particularly recommend are *Florence* and *Siena*, both being by Edward Hutton, an author unexcelled in his knowledge of Italy—the publishers are Hollis and Carter. There are also the appropriate volumes in the lavishly illustrated series issued by the Italian Touring Club, and although the text is in Italian, it is the pictures which matter, for they provide a helpful pictorial guide, as well as being a delightful memento after your return home. They can be bought through good booksellers in Britain, but are somewhat cheaper in Italy.

I think, too, that Vols. 2 and 3 of *The Cities of Italy*, by Augustus Hare, repay studying, even though they appeared many years ago. They can often be picked up in second-hand bookshops. Then, you should get hold of the English-language pamphlets issued by the various local tourist offices in Tuscany, some of which can be obtained from the Italian State Tourist Department in London.

In planning your tour in Tuscany, don't count on seeing all the region in a single visit, for it covers too much territory. You may possibly decide from your prior reading just those places you wish to see. Alternatively, I suggest that you concentrate on three objectives: the city of Florence and its environs—an absolute minimum of six days; a southern trip to include San Gimignano, Volterra, Arezzo and Siena, and you might even like to make your headquarters for two or three days in the last-named city; and a longer itinerary from Florence, through Pistoia, Montecatini, Lucca and Pisa, then down the coast to Leghorn, Cecina, Piombino and the Island of Elba. These places might be termed the "high-spots" of a Tuscan tour, but if you consider this itinerary too lengthy, cut out the coastal portion beyond Pisa.

At the same time, should you want a short break during intensive sightseeing, then you have the choice of Montecatini, Italy's most fashionable spa, or one or other of the seaside resorts along the pine-bordered Riviera of Versilia, with its white sand beaches——Viareggio being the largest of these bathing spots—and Elba, which also has wonderful beaches. I especially like the Hotel Fonte Napoleone at Poggio, which is outstanding in all Italy. Giglio, a small island in the Tuscan Archipelago, is also enticing, with good facilities for under-water exploration, but its hotel accommodation is limited and of a simple standard. Pisa, incidentally, lying not far from the sea, is a good headquarters for visits through much of Western Tuscany between the sea and Florence, and it is cooler there during mid-summer than the inland city on the Arno.

In planning your trip to Tuscany it is worth while to learn in advance about the traditional festivals being held, for you could then arrange to attend one or other of them. They are colourful and interesting. In Florence, for instance, from late May into early June, there is the "Maggio Musicale," when thousands flock to hear Italy's best musicians and singers perform at the Communal Theatre (Boboli Gardens) or the White Hall (Pitti Palace). Also in this city, there is played twice-yearly (first Sunday in May and June 24) the "Gioco del Calcio," a kind of football game, with the players garbed in sixteenth-century costumes.

Perhaps the most vivacious and picturesque of all Italian traditional festivals is the "Palio" of Siena. It takes place on July 2 and in the middle of August on Assumption Day, and is held in the splendid setting of the Campo. Its chief feature is a horse-race, which originated in 1565, the winner receiving the *palio*, a piece of coloured silk on which are worked the figure of the Madonna and the City emblems.

Three other notable festivals are the Saracen's Joust at Arezzo, the Joust of the Bear at Pistoia, and the Game of the Bridge in Pisa.

When I mention that in Florence alone there are thirteen palaces, twenty-two museums, nineteen churches and a profusion of Renaissance, Romanesque and Gothic towers, galleries and statuary, it will be obvious that I cannot even start on guide-book information. Each person should, however, discover his own favourite corner in which to dream of the period when this city was the cultural capital of the world. For myself, there can be no greater repose from the worries that beset the world to-day than to be wrapped in that other world of simple piety and gentle faith, which Fra Angelico has created in the Monastery of San Marco. And there are few things more interesting than the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, which still stands in the Loggia dei Lanzi where Benvenuto himself placed it. There is nothing more vivid in his autobiography than the difficulties he had to overcome in casting this statue.

When you are in Florence, remember that around its perimeter are many interesting places. Easily reached from the city by street-car or bus are its hill towns and ancient villas. Make a note of Piazzale Michelangelo, with city, plain and far-off mountains spread before you. Higher up, in this direction, is the Romanesque

THE PONTE VECCHIO, IN FLORENCE: This celebrated bridge is lined with shops, and in them the traveller will find remarkable examples of Florentine craftsmanship. The Ponte Vecchio was the only Florentine bridge which was not destroyed during the war.

Church of San Miniato al Monte (built in 1013), with pure marble floors and a wealth of artistic decoration. Fiesole, the once-powerful Etruscan capital, should be another goal. It is ideal for scenery, has a eleventh-century cathedral, a Roman theatre, the Church of St. Francis and the Bandini Museum.

Further afield are villages renowned for their magnificent villas, fountains and luxuriant gardens, such as Settignano, Villa di Castello, Villa Petraia and Villa Poggio a Caiano. Two other near-by side trips which I would recommend are to the Certosa del Galluzzo, a fourteenth-century Carthusian monastery of underground chapels, where the monks still sell excellent liqueurs, and (fifteen miles) to Monte Scenario, another monastery, where two little-known liqueurs—Gemma d'Abeto and Elixir of Quina—are on sale.

Apart, however, from the guide-book sights and the festivals, there is the charm of the Tuscan countryside. Wherein lies its peculiar fascination? It is not an easy question to answer. No doubt the passing tourist can give an accurate description of its superficial aspects, but that description would omit all that is essential: the spirit, the atmosphere, and that all-pervading beauty which makes that country, for some of us at least, no less fair than an earthly Paradise.

There is, indeed, something deeper, more passionate, far more intimate in the magic with which Tuscany enchants the hearts of her admirers and lovers, than can ever be sensed by those content to whirl through the countryside at high speed, when one cannot gain more than an inkling of the tranquillity and beauty afforded by the sight of some town or landscape. These tourists, for they cannot be termed travellers, never discover the delight of passive pleasures.

Recently my visits to Tuscany have been, unhappily, rarer than I could have wished. On each occasion, however, when I have been there I have had the feeling that I have returned to a land which was my home in some other existence. The bare, rounded hills which suddenly one spring morning flashed green with corn; the distant view of the plain seen through a golden atmosphere; the little baby cypresses, and the solemnity of their full-grown elders pointing fingers to the sky; the huge, beautiful mouse-grey oxen, with their horns clicking sleepily together as they drag behind them an ancient cart loaded with a family of *contadini*, and what seems to be most of their possessions; the strange tune, the melancholy little song which the boys sing as they prune the olive trees; the colour of stone and brick weathered by the centuries, the ghosts of famous men which haunt every little town are some of the outward signs of the inward spiritual grace which inspires Tuscany.

Take time off, then, when you are in Tuscany, to stand and stare. Nowhere else in the world is it so easy to be content just to enjoy the harmony which surrounds you in a pleasant torpor. Try, for instance, sitting with the sun playing on closed eyelids and drawing a veil of dazzling gold over thought and contemplation. That, indeed, is what I hope to be doing myself shortly after this article appears, when I make my own return journey to Tuscany.

For those who seek further information about Tuscany, the address of the Italian State Tourist Department in London is 201, Regent Street, W.1.

LOOKING ACROSS THE CITY OF FLORENCE TOWARDS THE CATHEDRAL AND DISTANT HILLS: This is a view taken from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the thirteenth/fourteenth-century rectangular fortress-palace. In his article, Gordon Cooper notes that the hill towns and ancient villas around Florence can be easily reached from the city.

VISITING THE DUTCH BULB-FIELDS

A Springtime Pilgrimage to Holland

Written and Illustrated by J. Allan Cash

A visit to Holland in bulb-time is a memorable experience. One can fly to Amsterdam in little over an hour, and as the plane flies in low over the Dutch coast the traveller can see the colourful patchwork of the bulb-fields stretching away behind the sand-dunes.

Haarlem is perhaps the best centre for a tour. It is surrounded by the bulb-fields, and is within easy reach of the best displays. The best way to tour the fields is to drive leisurely along the roads, stopping where you will to admire some particularly colourful field. But avoid the two or three Bulb Sundays, when the roads are so crowded that stopping may be virtually impossible on the main roads. Then there are steady streams of traffic—cars, coaches, cycles and motor-cycles, taking people in their thousands to enjoy the spectacle. The cars will almost all be decorated with garlands made up from hundreds of daffodil- and tulip-heads. Where do all these flower-heads come from, you may wonder, because the garlands are not expensive, although the cut flowers on sale are dear.

Look at the workers in the fields. You will, as a first-timer, be horrified to see them pulling the heads off all the flowers as fast as they can, filling baskets with them and tipping them on to rubbish-heaps. But this is all part of the business. The bulbs in the fields are those which will be sold later in the year for planting in readiness for the following spring. To preserve all possible strength in the bulbs, the flower-heads are pulled off when they are fully out.

It is these flower-heads which are rescued by children and made up into garlands. The children do a thriving trade with car-drivers along the roadsides. Flower-heads are also used by skilled workers for making elaborate mosaics in village squares.

Then there are the Keukenhof Gardens, near Lisse. The name means "kitchen garden" and visitors flock to the area in April and May. It is a big estate which has been taken over since the war by the Dutch Bulb Growers' Association, as a demonstration site, where they can show what really can be done with bulbs of every kind.

Keukenhof is a wooded park on a grand scale, with fine old trees, a winding lake, fifteen miles of paths, flower-beds, little pools and waterfalls. Each of the big growers has a section of the Keukenhof, where he plants his bulbs to suit the terrain, massing them here scattering them there, making use of slopes and corners, bushes, trees and sometimes running water and the lakeside, mixing the flowers and the colours as seems best to him.

Pink hyacinths were massed below yellow forsythia round the entrance when I was there in April. Inside the gates were huge clumps of daffodils on the edge of the lake, and beds of scarlet tulips beneath the trees. As far as the eye could see across the lake and through the trees were more masses of colour—tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, daffodils and other flowers as well, mixed in with the bulbs.

The Dutch have a wonderful product in their bulbs, and they display them so that all the world may see them and enjoy them to the full.

TYPICAL SCENE IN A DUTCH BULB-FIELD: This is a vast array of tulips of many colours. In place of hedges, the fields are divided by canals. The great trek to the bulb-fields takes place in April and May and attracts people from many parts of the world.

A FIELD OF HYACINTHS NEAR HAARLEM: Each section is in a different colour. Haarlem is a fine centre for visiting the bulb fields behind the Dutch coast.

WORK IN THE FIELDS: Picking the heads off tulips as they flower in the fields is done so that the maximum of strength remains in the bulbs. They will then produce the finest flowers in the following spring. The flower-heads are rescued by children and made into garlands for the decoration of cars.

SES OF DIFFERENT-COLOURED TULIPS GROWING IN ONE PART OF THE KEUKENHOF GARDENS: Each of the big bulb growers has a section of the Keukenhof which he plants to his own design. More than 500,000 visitors paid to visit the Keukenhof last spring.

right—

RESTAURANT BY THE LAKE IN THE KEUKENHOF GARDENS: It is situated near the entrance to the gardens. The park itself is 75 acres in extent. More than 10,000,000 bulbs are planted each year.

The World of Books

NEW NOVELS OF CONFLICT

France Under Germany's Heel; The Birth Pangs of Israel; South Africa and Her Racial War; And Reviews of Biographies and Travel Books

WHO really won the Second World War? According to that gifted satirist, Jean Dutourd, the real victors were people like the Poissonards. At the time of the fall of France these comparatively humble folk ran a quietly-prosperous little dairy in the 17th Arrondissement of Paris under the sign of Au Bon Beurre. In his novel, THE MILKY WAY (Museum Press. 10s. 6d.), Jean Dutourd traces their heady upward path to prosperity and simultaneously their downward path of treachery, hypocrisy and corruption during the German occupation. We see across a span of ten years the complete transition and moral disintegration of a family. Then there is poor Leon, of The Resistance; he gets a medal but very little else, and ends up by being dismissed from his schoolmastering post at the instigation of Julie Poissonard (who has a pull with the Ministry) for declining to supplement little Henri's examination marks. The Poissonards are indeed a poisonous lot; but amid all their nasty intrigues Jean Dutourd contrives to make them essentially ludicrous figures, and that is, perhaps, the best way to look at them.

A new novel about modern Palestine, with a clearly autobiographical touch and a fair-mindedness in relation to one of the great vexed questions of our day, is VANQUISH THE ANGEL (Constable. 13s. 6d.). It is the work of Diana and Meir Gillon, the former the daughter of a Norfolk barrister and the latter the son of parents who migrated from Hungary to Jerusalem. We see the conflict between the old, orthodox Jews and the fighting Jews of the new Israel, the young people who build the towns and plan to make the desert blossom. The whole whirlpool of divided loyalties that made up the tragedy and the ultimate triumph of the old Palestine and modern Israel could not be better presented. This story has the additional merit of being well written and deeply moving.

Another novel with the accent on racial conflict is THE ROAD AWAITS (Collins. 12s. 6d.), by Peter Lanham. The author, who has John Buchan's flair for story-telling, takes us to South Africa to build up a story of powerful dramatic force. Richard King, an Englishman of quiet normality and stereotyped military upbringing, is plunged into the mælstrom of racial theorising in a land where little is forgiven or forgotten. Here is an all-too-clear picture of life in South Africa, full of dark ferocity and inevitability. Tension mounts steadily to the climax of King's assault upon the Dutchman, Corneels. The book ends where it began, with Richard King in the death cell. But whatever happens, we know that he will not be acquitted, and we know also that here is a problem that only exceptional greatness of approach can ever solve.

Donald Ford in his first novel, *There is Still a River*, revealed an understanding of the Welsh people. His second novel, WISE MAN MAKE ANSWER (Constable. 12s. 6d.), confirms that understanding beyond doubt. Again the setting is the valley of Sarn, which may be identified equally with the Western, Eastern, Rhondda, Crumlin or Ogmore Valleys. Somehow Mr. Ford seems to have struck the topographical common denominator without failing for a moment to set the scene convincingly. Perhaps in this respect the similarities of the Welsh valleys did not make his task so very difficult, but I cannot withhold admiration from a young writer who can conjure so vividly the images of my own youth in Wales. In characterisation, Mr. Ford's valley people emerge even more authentically in this new novel than they did in his first. *Wise Man Make Answer* can be read as a valley cavalcade, a passing show of the people of Sarn, or as the triumph and tragedy of one valley family centring round the collier, Tom Prichard, and his good wife Ginnie, with their seven sons and their daughter. Here Mr. Ford shows not only his knowledge of the Welsh people, but his deep understanding of the human heart.

Frank Yerby apparently writes nothing but best-sellers, and the "bestest"-seller of them all was, of course, *The Foxes of Harrow*, in which he took us into the American South in the days of slavery. In BRIDE OF LIBERTY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) we go on an exhilarating gallop through the American War of Independence, following pretty Polly Knowles and valorous Ethan into the full tidal stream of battle. En route we make acquaintance with George Washington, Paul Revere, and other characters who were around at that time. This unashamedly romantic novel finishes, appropriately enough, amid the booming of the guns at Yorktown, and the surrender of Cornwallis—the start of a new era upon the American Continent. Need I add that *Bride of Liberty* is almost certain to become a film, and, such is its "scope," it will be fully up to the requirements of the widest of wide screens.

Neil Bell has written forty or more novels. He ought to know better than to present a volume, LUKE BRANWHITE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 11s. 6d.), which deserves at most to be a brief but gay short story. Further, on the penultimate page, we learn for the first time that we have been tricked all along. Luke Branwhite, the great statesman, really never lived, but was a figment of the intensely vivid imagination of the real Luke, the poor little Mr. Branwhite, of Benfield, Hants, who never had a chance in life. While serving his customers in his little shop he day-dreamt all the while. We see the dream Luke, prize-winner extraordinary at school, in public life the pal of Premiers and the hope of the world, and in death endowed with grandeur. This is the success story *par excellence*, until at the end Mr. Bell tells us the truth—that all this and more besides was dreamt up by one little man. But this is something Mr. Bell's customers simply cannot take, and with all his experience surely he should not serve it to them

Perhaps the only truly remarkable thing about Erskine Caldwell's latest novel, LOVE AND MONEY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), is that this is not the mixture as before. There is nothing in this story of a novelist's relentless pursuit of the young lady who serves drinks in the Orange Blossom Bar at Sarasota, Florida, to remind us of Mr. Caldwell's Tobacco Road technique, save perhaps here and there in its gaudier moments. Maybe Mr. Caldwell has written this novel essentially because it explains the writer's point of view; but even so his theme is never really lifted out of the ordinary. It is hard to believe that this is the work of one of the leading contemporary novelists of the U.S.A.

HOW LIKE A GOD (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is a first novel by Stewart Thomson. He takes as his setting a small oil town near the Euphrates, and his chief characters are either the Europeans working at the Consulate or for the oil company. The really full-blooded finale would be hard to beat. Mr. Thomson handles his heroics with a skill seldom associated with a maiden essay in fiction.

Vicars Bell is most adept at combining the technique of the thriller with his descriptions of village life. He did it in *Two by Day and One by Night*, and now he does it again in DEATH AND THE NIGHT WATCHES (Faber. 10s. 6d.). We follow with fascination the crossed clues and the inevitable conflicts; but all is well and the pieces click most neatly into place.

"Like a switchboard, he was wired-up to every level of literature; he was in the front rank of the moderns, yet he remained a classicist all the same, a man of the nineteenth, of the eighteenth century even." In this vein André Beucler acts as Boswell to his friend, Léon-Paul Fargue. He calls his book, POET OF PARIS (Chatto and Windus. 18s.), and calls forth in these pages not a little of the wit, charm and vitality of that almost-Johnsonian figure. For Léon-Paul Fargue was a truculent one, have no doubt of that, and sometimes his truculence amounted to downright rudeness. Witness his monstrous behaviour at the annual dinner at Belfort of the Sauerkraut manufacturers of France when he described that famed product as a mixture of bootlaces and swallows' nests, and just the thing for numismatic flatulence, whatever that may be. André Beucler may sometimes allow his Boswellian adulation to run away with his judgment, here and there laying emphasis upon anecdotes of doubtful worth. But on the whole he has carried out his self-appointed task with courage and distinction. He has made no wedding-cake monument to his friend; rather is it a pattern of fine needlework, and for his epitaph he leaves us with the poet's own words: "I ought to have been born in 1855 and died in 1930. They were the best years—for me. They and I would have got along very nicely together. They were the years when people felt more and prognosticated less. I have lived in my own way and have nothing against anyone. I have discovered nothing and proved nothing, and I hope to leave the world as clean as I found it when I entered."

A delightful book which takes us intimately into late eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century Whig society and of the days of Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington and the Prince Regent is Dorothy Margaret Stuart's DEAREST BESS (Methuen. 21s.). Here also are all the women of that society which assembled at Compton Place, or Chatsworth, or Devonshire House, as well as the brood of mixed parentage which gathered round the Duke of Devonshire, his Duchess, and his mistress (later his second wife, the Lady Elizabeth Foster, who is the "Dearest Bess" of this book). Margaret Stuart's book is at one and the same time a serious and an entertaining contribution to the study of these times, and it reveals a happy, easy-going society of, in the main, very loveable people.

In recent years the world has heard from time to time of the achievements of Wendell Phillips in exploring Southern Arabia. Now in QATABAN AND SHEBA (Gollancz. 21s.) he tells the story of his questing and adventuring, particularly in Shebas great capital at Marib, where so much that was vitally important has been brought to light and accounts of which have appeared in THE SPHERE from time to time. Wendell Phillips had no easy passage during his work at Marib. But the record of achievement is considerable, and we are helped towards an understanding of it by a full and excellent photographic supplement.

And finally here are two more volumes for the travel-minded. Dane Chandos, that enthusiastic voyager, takes us on a West Indian tour in his new book, ISLES TO WINDWARD (Michael Joseph. 15s.). It is not so much a guide as a witty and perceptive account of all that amused Mr. Chandos. It will certainly amuse a great many others with its joyous diversions in the author's familiar style. GORILLA (Andrew Melrose. 16s.) is an account by Henry Geddes of remarkable feats in French Equatorial Africa achieved by an expedition which had as its special task the rounding-up of gorillas for a Clark Gable film.

Richard Edmonds

PRINCE PHILIP TAKES A CARD: The Duke of Edinburgh with Admiral Earl Mountbatten at the Euston club-room of the Magic Circle. Seated on the Duke's left is Mr. Collins, the founder and President of the Magic Circle. Prince Philip went to the club as a guest of Admiral Mountbatten, who is a member. While there he witnessed many tricks and helped to saw Lieut.-Commander Parker, his Private Secretary, in half.

A HONEYMOON IN THE SUN: Lord Hambleden and his Italian-born wife are seen in Sicily on the terrace of the San Domenico Hotel, in Taormina, Sicily. They were married at the Church of Santa Maria in Domnica, Rome, last month.

STATIONERY AND BOOKS ON SHOW: Sir William Darling, M.P. (on left), at the Stationery and Book Trades Fair, which was opened last week at the Horticultural Hall in London. With him is Alderman Sydney Smith, of Hull. Many shopkeepers visited the Fair to order their Christmas-cards for next season.

SOUTHWARK STORY (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.), *by Florence Higham, with a Foreword by the Provost of Southwark, is a history of the ancient church of St. Saviour and St. Mary Overie, now the Cathedral of the Diocese, which this year celebrates the golden jubilee of its foundation.*

In **FRIENDLY QUEEN** (Heinemann. 18s.) *Hector Macquarrie, who has lived much of his life among Pacific peoples, tells the story of Tonga and Queen Salote.*

LIFE IN OUR HANDS (Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.), *by Pamela Bright, a nursing sister who waded ashore in Normandy soon after D-Day and served throughout the campaign with a Casualty Clearing Station, is a story of a vital aspect of active service: saving life in the face of danger.*

ART FAKES AND FORGERIES (T. Werner Laurie. 18s.), *by Fritz Mendax and translated by H. S. Whitman, is a detailed history written with a sense of humour, of the craft of forgery and faking.*

Three additions to the Faber Gallery are **TOULOUSE-LAUTREC,** *with an introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski;* **DUFY,** *with an introduction and notes by Pierre Courthion; and* **MEMLINC,** *with an introduction and notes by Charles Johnson. Each volume costs* 9s. 6d.

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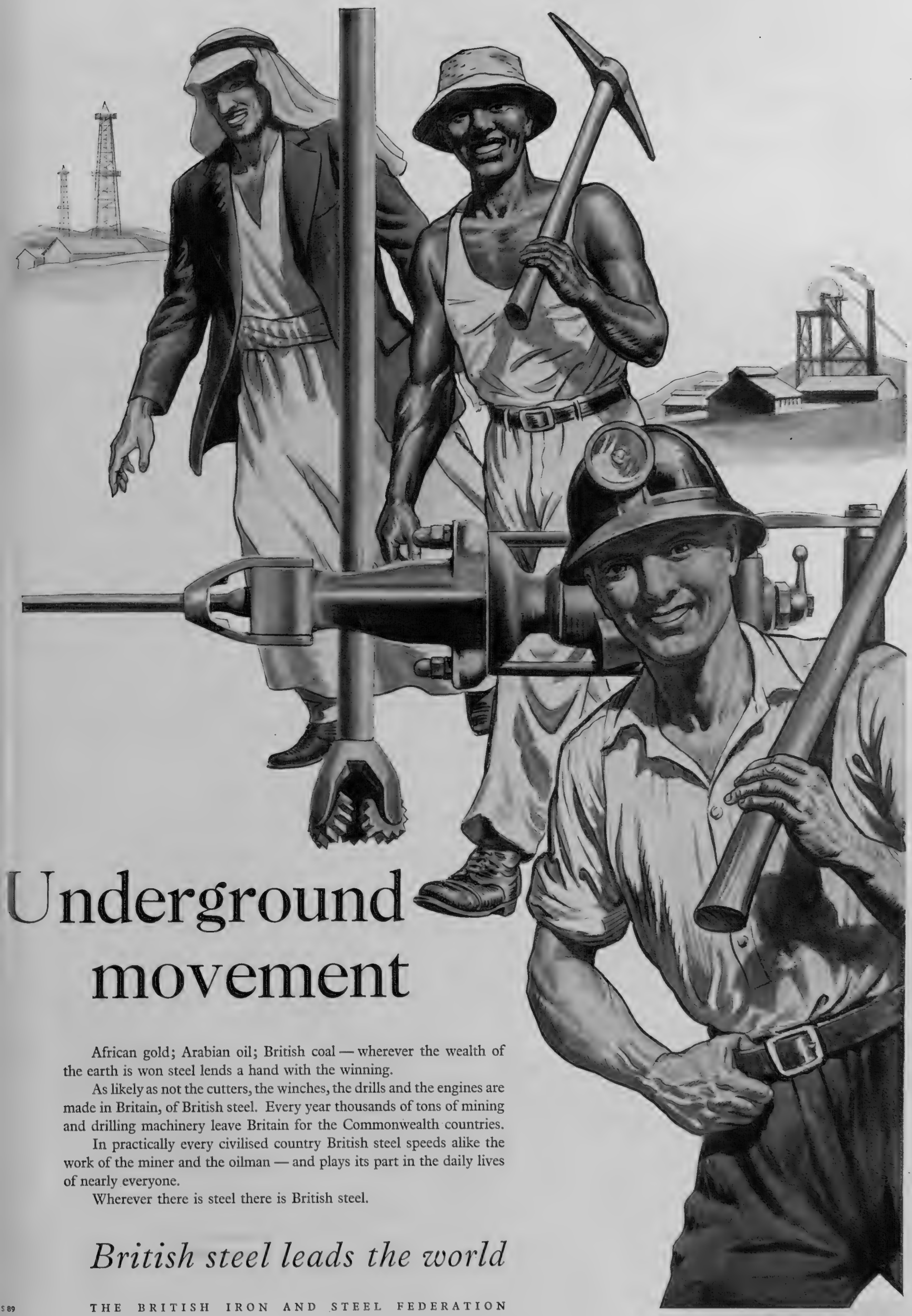

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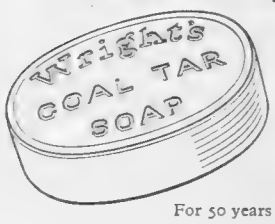

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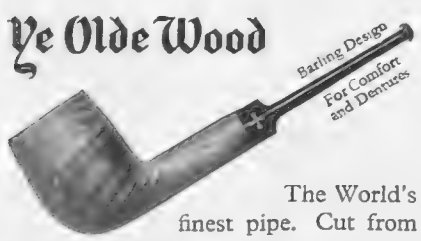

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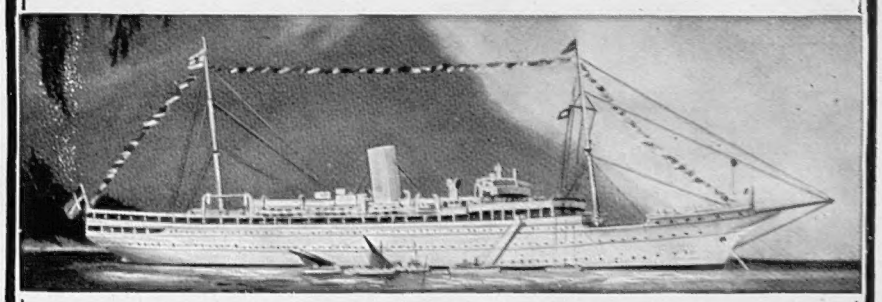

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ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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OLD HAILEYBURIANS round about Mr. Attlee's time may recall that character Mr. Dickins, the Hertford hairdresser, who once a week used to walk the two miles and a half with his bag, in good weather and in foul. "Can we give you a lift?" called out the drivers of horse vans and pony carts (there were no motor buses in those days), as they caught up to Mr. Dickins. "No, thank you," he invariably said, "I am in a hurry." The fact was that Mr. Dickins was in *no* hurry, except to absorb as much as he could of the scenery, the sounds and the smell of the countryside, before he set about shearing us Haileyburians like sheep.

Nowadays too many are in indecent haste, and see nothing of the countryside around them, so by way of experiment I suggest we start at Hertford (not much changed in the last fifty years) and wend our way into East Anglia, where, by diverting to the right and left, we discover a large sector of unspoilt England.

Travelling from Hertford to Ware, a picturesque secondary road leads to Widford, Much Hadham and Bishop's Stortford. Here we join a main road to Newmarket and East Anglia proper.

It is a pity that the car owner of to-day must show off his speed to the modern racehorse, for The Rutland Arms, Newmarket, well warrants a halt. Driving into the cobbled courtyard, one steps into another world. The ostler's bell is there; the solid furniture of a Victorian age; a gallery of coaching and sporting prints, but beyond all this, an old-world courtesy concerned with welcoming and speeding the parting guest. Don't be in a hurry should you visit The Rutland Arms. It is a proud relic of an age that has almost gone.

Once Newmarket is left behind, main road traffic thins out, especially if, at Barton Mills (note The Bull, another coaching inn of tradition), one forks left-handed to Brandon and on to sleeping Swaffham. Look up Swaffham on your map. All roads may lead to Norwich, but as a geographical centre for exploration, Swaffham fills the need, especially as it can offer the twelve-bedroomed, hospitable George.

These market town hotels are much dependent upon the landlords of the day. May Mr. A. C. V. Forge and his wife reign there for many a long day, for they make the best of all that Norfolk can supply in poultry and produce, and their smoke-room bar is one of those friendly spots in which it is a pleasure to linger.

Continuing in a straight northerly line we reach another of my favourite halting places, which has been in the same family for as long as I have been interested in hotels. It is the Moorings Hotel at Overy Staithe, on the coast road between Brancaster and Holkham. Here, the friendliness of Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips is so infectious that guests return year after year, though the homegrown salads and vegetables, Norfolk poultry and fresh eggs would be an added incentive to return if one should be needed!

Already inquiries are flowing in concerning holiday accommodation on the Norfolk coast, and here, as elsewhere, not only is it desirable to book well ahead, but to make your holiday bookings, if possible, before the school holiday peak period. In this connection I recall a Norfolk hotel which used to offer 33⅓ per cent. discount in the month of June for any day in which there was a shower of rain. They knew they were on a safe bet, for the East coast has ever been the drier side of Britain. I shall be pleased to advise readers of hotels on the Norfolk coast that I am able to recommend from personal experience. One hotel I would like to mention here, however, because I do not think it has figured in this column previously, is Overstrand Court Hotel, Overstrand, two miles to the south of Cromer. Under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bodill, its owners, Overstrand Court, which is open all the year, attracts many of the same visitors year after year, because of its healthy location, its sands, and, above all, for its spick-and-span and cheerful environment. For a family holiday, a week-end breather, or for rest or recreation, Overstrand Court may well be a satisfying answer to your holiday problem.

On the homeward journey I visit another "old friend"—Sutton Staithe Hotel, near Stalham. Twenty-five years ago Basil Hitchin bought this 200-year-old farmhouse and transformed it into what is now the annual retreat of scores of sailing and fishing enthusiasts, birdwatchers . . . and gourmets, who recognise and appreciate the really excellent English fare, which they are willing to admit can be "the best in the world."

Turning Londonwards again, Norwich lies in our path. What a fascinating city this is historically, ecclesiastically and industrially. So busy is it these days that hotel accommodation is not easily come by in mid-week, so plan to spend a Saturday or Sunday there. My choice is The Castle Hotel, where the local directorate, being men of wide vision, have done much to enhance its stature and status. Note, too, the Castle Grill, where I guarantee the most jaded appetite can be excited by the sizzling and the aroma.

Taking the A140 for some seventeen miles, turn off to Harleston, which, around Christmas time, is the centre of the Norfolk turkey trade. Here you must halt awhile at The Magpie, full of relics of bygone days, antique furniture and brass, simply gleaming with polish. Mr. A. R. Bush, the ground landlord, is usually to be found presiding over the bar, on his beloved bowling green in summer, or away down the road at his old mill where, for sport and profit, he catches eels!

The catering here is homely, the bedrooms are spotlessly clean, and your impression may be the same as mine . . . that both The Magpie and its proprietor *exude* personality.

And so back to London town. We have travelled considerably further than Mr. Dickins, but we have been in no hurry, for the journey can be completed comfortably within the compass of a long week-end.

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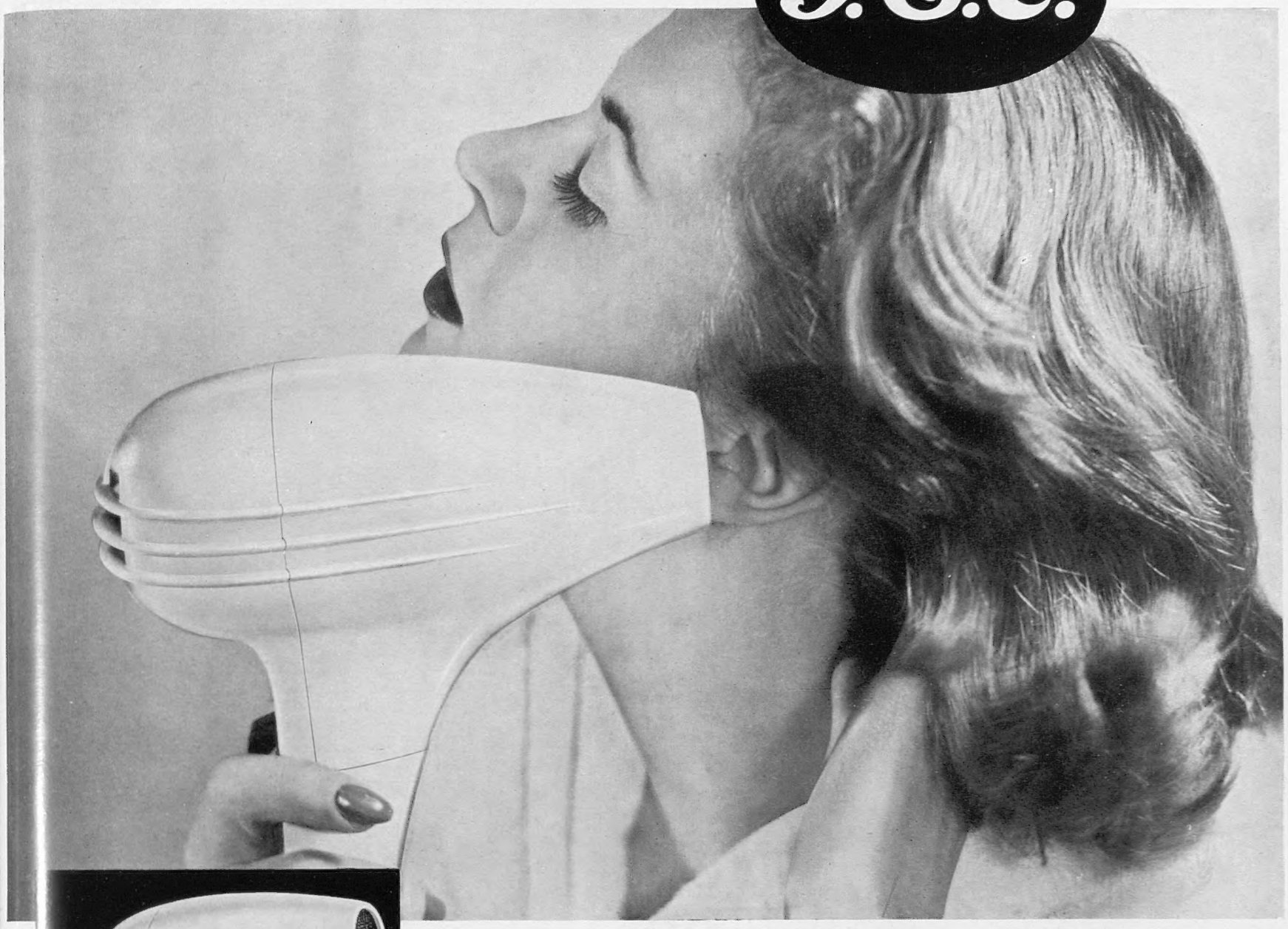

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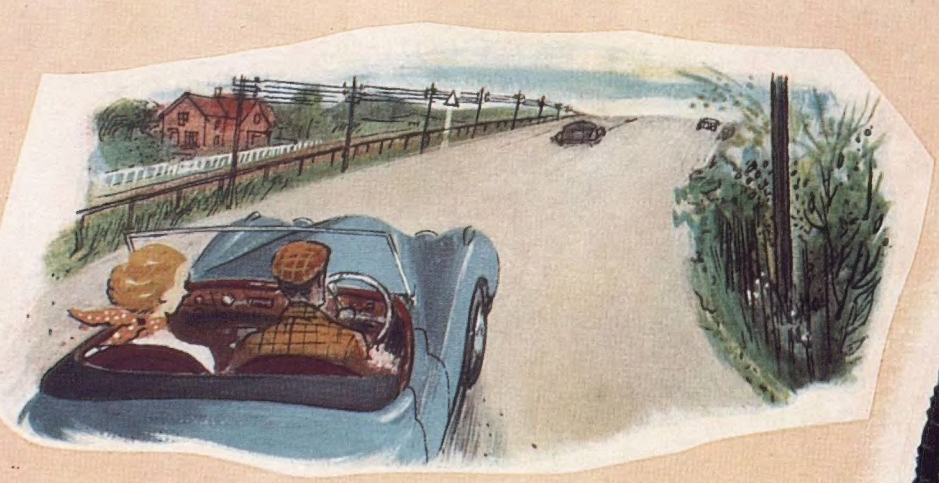

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